The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Dr A H Strickler
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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Loving Shepherd, kind and true,
Wilt Thou not in pity come
To Thy lamb? As shepherds do,
Bear me in Thy bosom home;
Take me hence from earth's annoy,
To Thy home of endless joy.

See how I have gone astray
In this earthly wilderness;
Come and take me soon away
To Thy flock who dwell in bliss,
And Thy glory, Lord, behold,
Safe within Thy heavenly fold.

For I fain would gaze on Thee
With the lambs to whom 'tis given,
That they feed from danger free,
In the happy fields of Heaven;
Praising Thee, all terrors o'er,
Never can they wander more.

Here I live in sore distress,
Fearing, watching, hour by hour;
For my foes around me press,
And I know their craft and power.
Lord, Thy lamb can never be
Safe one moment but with Thee.

O Lord Jesus, let me not
'Mid the ravening wolves e'er fall,
Help me as a shepherd ought,
That I may escape them all;
Bear me homeward on Thy breast,
To Thy fold of endless rest.

—*Angelus*, 1624-1677.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

LAYMEN AND MINISTERS CO-WORKMEN IN THE VINEYARD.

Active labor in behalf of His kingdom our Lord enjoins on all, on ministers, elders, deacons and lay members, men, women and children. The obligation rests on each and all alike. It is generally maintained that a minister of the Gospel should devote his time exclusively to Christ. His heart must be absorbed in the work of edifying Christian people and bringing sinners from darkness to light, thus laboring for Christ in strengthening and perfecting the kingdom of grace. But it is not so commonly believed that all Christians alike are called to the same spiritual work. Many presume that laymen may pursue worldly ends consistently with church membership, provided they are generous and honest in their dealings. Moreover they think that it is scriptural to aim at the accumulation of large wealth for their own comfort and for the advantage of their children, provided they give a proportion of their gains to the Church. Thus it comes that thousands of Christians are not laborers in the Lord's vineyard, but devote their time and talents to worldly interests. In this regard they do not differ from the men of the world.

Between ministers and laymen the principal difference should not be a difference of motive and ultimate aim. The purpose for which men are by the Spirit quickened in Christ is the same for all. As there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, so there is but one general calling. The obligation binding a minister as an individual Christian also binds each believer with equal solemnity. To consecrate the strength of the body and the faculties of the soul to active work in the service of Christ is the first and chief duty of the Christian, no matter what be his profession or business. The pastor is consecrated to Christ's kingdom in the office of the holy ministry. The layman is just as truly set apart to this kingdom in his secular calling, whatever that may be. Farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, physicians, teachers and many others are all pursuing legitimate special callings. In each a church member may lead a Christian life, a life after Christ as his pattern. A secular calling becomes a Christian, and in this calling a man may perfect faith and holiness, when by pursuing it the chief aim is to be the servant of the Lord Jesus, seeking thereby to fulfil His will and extend His kingdom.

A master builder may have a hundred workmen in his employ. Some dig the cellar and take away the ground. Some haul stones and brick. Others are masons, and build the foundation. Others are bricklayers, and put up the walls. Some are carpenters, others are plasterers, painters, roofers, glaziers and tinners. Each has his special trade; but each in his place and calling works together with the others for the builder in erecting and completing a palace. Each is bound to be faithful to the master. He is faithful when in his particular calling he diligently devotes his strength and skill to his employer, aiming to do well his part towards making the palace good, beautiful and complete. The laborer who thinks only of his wages and is indifferent to the honor of the master-builder, commits a wrong. Having regard only for money, he slights his work, and dishonors the master-builder.

Like mechanics employed by a builder, believers are called and appointed to labor in the Church and for the Church. Each has his particular sphere. As the faithful mason and carpenter, though each pursues his own trade, labor on the same edifice, and use their skill to promote the interest and honor of the builder, so is every believer called of Christ to be a workman on the spiritual temple of His holy Church. The merchant buys and sells; the manufacturer turns raw material into wares; the farmer sows and reaps; the minister preaches the Gospel; but all are consecrated to the same spiritual calling. If faithful, the one great object for which all are laboring is the kingdom of Christ. The farmer plows that he may reap for Christ. The merchant buys and sells that he may get honorable gain for His kingdom. The mechanic plies his trade that thereby he may do his part toward the same end.

A minister may preach the Gospel, not chiefly to win souls for Christ, but to earn a livelihood and obtain social position. His thoughts and plans look, not to the prosperity of the Church, but to his personal advantage. Outwardly his conduct may seem right, but at heart he is false to his Lord. Such a minister no congregation desires to have as a pastor. But a church member who plies his trade, or plows his field, or pursues any other business, for his own personal advantage, not for the prosperity of Christ's kingdom, is no less unfaithful to his Saviour. In some respects, a minister has as much right to preach for money as a farmer has to plow for money. In the former the sin is indeed greater than in the latter. The minister abuses a spiritual calling; the farmer abuses a secular calling. But both are equally untrue to Jesus Christ. A layman who lives and works chiefly for the purpose of gaining riches condemns himself when he pronounces judgment on a minister who has more concern for his salary than for the glory of Christ. Both are bound by the same heavenly vocation to renounce the love of this world and be workmen in the vineyard of the Lord. When like unconverted men, a church member follows his trade or profession mainly in order to heap up riches, his business and life are against Christ as really as when a minister preaches the Gospel, not from love to God but for self.

E. V. G.

For the Messenger.

A CORRECTION.

In a communication giving some account of the doings of the Maryland Classis a few weeks ago, your correspondent by mistake, was made to say that the overture from the Mercersburg Classis, asking that we cede to it "*a certain congregation* in Washington county, Md.," was declined. It should have been printed, *certain congregations in Washington county*, which meant the Clearspring, Hagertown, Cavetown, Keedysville and Boonsboro charges—in all, fourteen congregations and six ministers.

The request was certainly *a very modest one*, to say the least, and would, I presume, have been declined under any circumstances, but the matter of a division of the Maryland Classis, had for several years been held under consideration by many of its members, as a necessary and desirable thing in the near future, and a paper looking in this direction, had already been prepared for the consideration of the Classis, before anything was known of this overture from the Mercersburg Classis. This paper was laid over until the next annual meeting, when its friends hope to see the matter accomplished. The proposed action asks the Synod of the Potomac, to detach the congregations in Baltimore and Washington, those in Carroll county and the Emmittsburg and Mechanicstown charges, in Frederick county, which with the eastern shore of Maryland, and the county and city of Baltimore, as missionary ground, are to constitute the Classis of Baltimore.

The old Classis will have its hands full of Missionary work in its remaining territory, particularly in the large field, "now white unto the harvest," in Alleghany and Garrett counties.

The proposed division [illegible], as the roll now stands, thirteen or fourteen ministers to each Classis, so that when the contemplated reconstruction of charges goes into effect, and various mission points are occupied, as they doubtless will be at an early day, these Classes will each be as large as any Classis ought to be, so as to make its annual sessions possible in the smaller towns and villages, in which far more can be effected by their meetings than in the larger towns and cities, where their influence is utterly lost. We have learned by recent experience in the Maryland Classis, that our Sunday-school and church work conventions, meeting in small villages and country churches, have been largely beneficial in an educational way, to our people, who from necessities of the situation—the services of their pastor being divided among three or four congregations—have fewer opportunities of instruction than those who live in large towns and cities. This contemplated division will give annually, the educational benefits of classical meetings, to two congregations that need them instead of, as now, to one only, and that one perhaps, needing them in a less degree.

G. L. S.

Selections.

SHINTOISM.

Interesting Facts About the Religion of the Japanese.

A Japanese correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* sends the following interesting article to that paper:—

The Shinto faith is found only in Japan. It seeks to inculcate the principles through the higher mediums of the mind and heart, instead of addressing the senses. Indeed, it may be styled an æsthetic religion.

Its origin is obscure. No precise date can be given, as the system of marking years may be traced no farther back than to the reign of the Emperor Jimmu (660 B. C.) Of course, Shintoism was then many hundred years old.

The legend of the formation of the islands composing the Japanese Empire is interesting; and, as it directly bears upon this subject, the writer ventures to quote it:—

"In the beginning a holy being appeared, and, in mid-air, performed many distinguished deeds. Five times this was repeated. A long period elapsed, and again the God came. Sometimes he appeared alone, and in that space from chaos was evolved a watery world. At length two immortals descended the thick mist, and said to each other, 'Let us make here an abiding place.' So they stood on the arch of the heavens, and the God, whose name was Izanagi, plunged his halberd into the waters and stirred them up. Withdrawing it, he suffered the bright drops to fall from its point. Wherever they touched the vast expanse, islands sprang up. The largest one was named Onokoro Shima (Crystalized Island), and upon it Izanagi and Izanami made their home. They reared a rude house for themselves, and in the course of time a son was born, whom each Japanese, even to this day, regards as his ancestor.

Wherever in the world a religious faith arises, at the same time a desire is born for some one spot where all may meet to worship, and so a site is selected and a temple built. The Shintoists were no exception; the model for their houses of worship was the humble dwelling of the holy Izanagi and Izanami. Their temples are in every part of Japan, and are, indeed, severely simple.

The building is of plain white wood, with a roof thatched with rushes or grass. Before the main entrance is a curious structure, somewhat like the frame of a gate. This is the Torii (God's gate). Its object is to prevent sinful mortals from rushing directly, and without thought, into the holy place dedicated to the great God, and to prepare and soften their minds for the real worship and the real temple. Some of the Torii are of beautifully carved wood or stone. The interior does not belie the outside. There are no idols, no pictures, nothing to please the eye or in any way attract the attention of the worshipper. Near the door is a large sambo (stand), with a raised edge like a tray, and lined with white paper. This is the Shinto contribution-box. As the worshipper enters he throws in his offering, a few copper cash, twisted in clean white paper. After the service these are collected by the priest and applied to the various uses of the temple.

At the head of the room is a throne-shaped chair of white wood, and in front of it a table of the same material. Around are hung wooden sticks having numberless strips of white paper depending from them. These are gohei, emblems of purification. It is also believed that they attract the attention of the Kami (God).

Much has been written concerning the mirror, the sword, and the crystal ball, to the effect that they form a principal part of the service or worship. It is quite true that these objects are to be seen in every temple; but only because they were the offerings of a former Mikado (religious ruler), who swore to be just, as the mirror, brave, as the sword is the emblem of prowess, and clear, and pure in character, as the crystal ball. Every Mikado has, in turn, sworn this; and it has come to pass that these articles are regarded with both awe and love by a people to whom the Mikado is the "Son of Heaven."

Shinto priests are called shinkan (God's officers). There is only one priest attached to a temple; he is appointed by the Government, and supported by his congregation. Other priests are often invited to preach, for the sermons are extempore, and very short, so that during one service it is not unusual for three shinkan to take part.

A priest may be of high rank or a common person; his sacred calling does not at all interfere with any outside occupation, for the temples are always open on holidays, so that his secular duties and amusements may be carried on with slight interruption. In the case of war, however, the holy man is exempt. A Shinto priest, unlike the Buddhist bonze, is often a married man, with sometimes a very large family. My two brothers are shinkan.

The degree of the priest, gained by examination, may be known by the color of his upper robe. It is either of purple, white, green, or cream, and in every case made of very heavy silk, high-necked and long-sleeved, the hackama (full trousers) of thinner silk, matching in color. The most curious article is the kammuri, a kind of black cap tied under the chin with a heavy cord. A fan is held in the hand, by means of which to emphasize the main points of the sermon.

The mode of worship is simple, consisting mainly of genuflexions, of much respectful drawing-in of the breath, and a rapid muttering of a sort of litany. Two or three brief sermons follow, at the end of which the people, with clasped hands murmur thrice, "To ho kami emitame," (O God, smile upon us.) The priest sits upon the throne-shaped chair, and the large and very attentive congregation squat upon the floor. No clogs are allowed inside; they must be left with the doorkeeper, who gives a check with each pair, and at the end of the service there is always a deal of good-natured squabbling about regaining possession.

Revivals are common among the Shintoists, certain periods being set apart for them. After powerful sermons have been delivered, those who wish to enter the "true [Shinto] faith," perhaps to the number of twelve or more, are conducted into a little room, having no windows and but one sliding door, over which hangs a heavy scroll inscribed with the characters, "Shinme sama" (True God). This door is closed, and the narrow apartment lighted by two miserable candles. There the penitents remain for seven days and nights with little and very plain food. At the end of each service in the temple the door is opened, and the priest and helpers exhort them; then they are again left to meditation and prayer. At the expiration of the prescribed time the door is thrown back, and the converts are conducted up stairs into a large and well-lighted apartment over the auditorium. This is symbolic of the transition from the darkness of unbelief to the brightness of the prospect of heaven. The converts are seated before a large mirror and ordered to expel the breath slowly, that with it their sins may depart. This is a painful process, as I know from experience. When it can be kept up no longer, water is given as the symbol of the new life. From that moment they become Shintoists, true and pure, with nothing to remind them of the past, and much to rejoice about in the future. Of course there is backsliding—(and in what religion is it wanting?)—but some remain true, according to their lights, and certainly become better men than they were before.

Every Shinto family has its household shrine. Generally a shelf is placed against the wall about two-thirds of the distance between the ceiling and floor, and upon this is the model of a Shinto temple—like it, of white wood, with doors which, when opened, disclose a mirror, and on a small stand the ancestral tablets of the family. Outside is the gohei. It is customary to offer a portion of all the food eaten by the household; this is placed on a little raised platform before the temple. At the close of the meal it is supposed to be an acceptable offering, and truly blessed by the God; it is then divided among the family and eaten. But if a member of the household is not a true believer, he may not taste. In some families this is not observed, the devotees merely praying before the shrine in the morning and evening, after clapping the hands three times to attract the attention of the God.

Death has no terrors for the Shinto believer, for he regards it only as the birth into a new life in Amatsukum (Paradise).

When any one dies his relations are summoned, who, after bathing and robing the body as befitting its rank, place it carefully in a nagamochi (long chest or box), and fill the space around with oak leaves. They then take a last look, the tightly-fitting cover is adjusted, and the coffin is placed in the centre of the principal room, and surrounded with gohei.

The next day the shinkan (priest) appears, and takes his place in front of the nagamochi, the relations sitting behind him according to their rank. Thrice the holy man claps his hands, reads the short prayer, waves the gohei, and places it on the coffin. Then, turning towards the weeping friends, he delivers a short address on the merits of the deceased.

The coffin is placed on a bier, and carried into the cemetery for burial. A large wooden tablet is erected, mats are spread before it and upon a white wood sambo (stand), offerings of fruit, fish, and a bottle of sake (rice wine) are arranged, which the priest then blesses. More prayers follow, and the ceremony is at an end.

One person is always delegated to watch the grave until the real tombstone, often of beautiful workmanship, is in its place. In some cases this happens in a few days; in others, a long period elapses before the dead may rest alone. The watcher very often erects a rude hut, and lives on in solitary contemplation for months.

It is the duty of the near relations to visit the tomb every month, and see that the stone is thoroughly cleansed. Deep affection will never permit this to be done by strangers, for it is the only remaining way by which the world can know that the dead are still remembered. In America flowers are planted, and carefully tended; in Japan the stone is watched, and kept pure, and free from stain or mold; but the feeling which prompts either is the same.

Family Reading.

"ONE STEP MORE."

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see:
I ask for light for "one step more,"
'Tis quite enough for me

Each little humble step I take
The gloom clears from the west;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

I would not see my future path,
For mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be,
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny, and hard and steep;
And knowing this, my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way,
And, seeing it, I might despise
The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me in the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey or the length,
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring the strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall have
Light given for "one step more."

—*Churchman.*

THE HOME: IN BEHALF OF THE CHILDREN.—SLEEP.

BY MARY MAYNE.

The almost incessant activity which is so characteristic of childhood is essential to a full and healthy development of the system. It is not to be repressed, but wisely directed. But it should never be forgotten that the vital forces thus consumed are chiefly renewed during sleep. Some children wear a look of exhaustion; every movement indicates languor: yet they have no perceptible illness. The cause of this is often want of regular out-door exercise, or lack of sufficient refreshment in sleep.

"Early to bed," is a good maxim. "But what is early?" some one asks. Every mother who thoughtfully considers her child's age, health and temperament will be likely to come to a correct decision. But don't decide on the impulse of the moment. After the evening meal the older members of the family usually incline to quiet conversation or occupation for a while. The little ones, on the contrary, are never so wildly exuberant and active. Don't hastily send them to bed simply to get rid of the noise. They are like frolicksome kittens; they want to frisk about a little, and then, like kittens, they will be ready to go to sleep.

Let the hour of retiring be regular; not necessarily inflexible, with never an exception, but there should be general regularity. It is pitiful to see little children, with excited faces and wide-open eyes, sitting up long past proper bed-time; and equally sad to see them striving to keep open their weary lids, or fall asleep on chairs and sofas. Of course they "want to sit up"; most children do, unless the arrangements for their going to bed are pleasant. Then we think, well trained children are as ready to take their sleep as to take their breakfast.

The sleeping room should be a quiet one. It is unfortunate if it must be occupied by others after the children goes to bed. They will go to sleep, it is true, amid conversation and noise, but they do not get the full benefit of rest. They need quiet during sleep. Gas, or lamp burning in the room, is likely to injure the eyes, also consumes the oxygen of the air. But if any timidity is shown—if your little girl is "afraid of the dark"—keep a light dimly burning until she is asleep; linger in the room, or within hearing, or in some way prevent her from fear. It is useless to reason against this kind of fear, cruel to laugh at it. Good health, judicious information, and gentle training will in time remove it; but it is the work of time. Take care that no terrifying stories are told your child. Any exciting conversation or reading near bedtime may kindle her imagination and set her eyes wide open with indefinable fear. Hundreds of little ones, as well as some of the older children, suffer distressingly from this nameless terror of something in the dark. Such should not be forced to stay alone. Soothe, and change the current of thought. Courage will grow with other good traits, if fostered aright.

A well ventilated room brings good sleep, and a bright awakening. *Cold* air, however, does not mean *fresh* air. A moderately warm, thoroughly ventilated room is safest for children, with light but sufficient bed covering. Do not let them unconsciously acquire habits of lying in unhealthy positions. The foundation of many contracted chests and diseased lungs is laid in the nursery. "Henry always curls up like a kitten when he goes to sleep," complained an anxious mother; "I cannot make him lie straight." Such a habit is not easily broken, but may be prevented. Was not the original cause of your child's "curling up" in bed, to obtain warmth? Try an experiment. Remove your boy's stockings, and get his feet thoroughly warm before he goes to bed. You will be surprised to find how often they are damp and cold—perhaps not painfully cold, but not comfortably warm. Rub them, heat them at the fire, and have the night-dress long enough to cover them well. If the child's feet *keep* warm, we do not believe he will "curl up" unless the habit is very firmly fixed.

Hundreds of unfortunate little habits are formed in childhood simply by some discomfort, of which, perhaps, the child is scarcely conscious at the time.

Few things would conduce more to the well-being of a family than to have as many small single beds as there are children. While two healthy children of about the same age may safely sleep together, it is very hazardous for a well child to sleep with one who is sick or feeble. Nor should the same bed be occupied by two between whom there is a great difference in age. The young mother who understands bringing up her children on hygienic principles denies herself a pleasure, and puts her babe at an early age in the little crib by the bedside.

It is a well-established fact that children who habitually sleep with adults become, as a general thing, seriously enfeebled. Especially is this so when the older person is in robust health, and the child delicate; or when the adult has some disease—as, for example, consumption—and the child is healthy. It is not unusual to see children who seem to have every care bestowed on them, and whose natural physical endowments and general surroundings ought to secure vigorous health, but they are pale and puny. Very likely their lack of vigor may result largely from this unthought-of, or unregarded evil.

Bed-time is the time for pleasant thoughts. It is the mother's time to suggest loving thoughts of our heavenly Father to the little ones. Give counsel and help, but except in rare cases we would choose another opportunity for reproof. To bring before the mind of a sensitive child the faults of the day, when he is tired, tends to make him unhappy and sleepless. Doubtless his feelings are most easily touched at this evening hour, and in special cases the effect desired may warrant a trespassing upon sleeping-time. In general, however, avoid everything which is uncomfortable at bed-time. If possible, let the children go to sleep happily.

The old-fashioned doctrine that children should be rigorously roused from sleep at a set hour in the morning, and jump out of bed the minute they wake, is exploded. If they go to bed early enough, healthy children will ordinarily wake betimes, and naturally. But they should have all the sleep they need. Some require more than others, and in some way nature's demands should be satisfied. But remember that early hours at night are to be chosen for sleep before late morning hours. If put to bed in season, little children are generally, like the birds, awake and singing in the early morning.

Sleep, "tired Nature's sweet restorer," rarely is so unfettered that she can do her best. Give her a chance with the children, and see if they do not flourish under her wisely ordered ministrations.—*Christian Union.*

SOCIAL HABITS IN WASHINGTON.

Now a wail rises from the teetotalers that President Arthur has resumed the way of his forefathers, and there is a sad shaking of heads. In society generally the punch-bowl has been a more prominent figure at entertainments this year than for some seasons back. In deference to Mrs. Hayes' avowed principles those spicy and insidious compounds that go by the name of punch were never offered at the receptions held by the cabinet ladies and the higher officials, and only ocasions of private hospitality saved the great china and crystal bowls from complete neglect for those years. This year punch is the rule at every entertainment, and there are several hospitable houses that possess considerable fame in this respect. At the house of one of our foreign Ministers, whose family is especially popular in society, a fine and fiery punch adds to the gayety of each weekly occasion, and on the coldest, stormiest and most forbidding days of the season their parlors are always filled with the most brilliant and animated groups. Women who passed for stupid, and young ladies who were shy and timid in other places, found their tongues there, and the merriest kind of a time always reigned in that gas-lighted and flower-scented drawing room. The daughter of the house, a dark and graceful beauty, stirred the amber liquid with a golden ladle and filled the glittering cups, and a circle of ladies was kept around her during all of the calling hours.

Those same ladies left with a heightened color and glittering eyes, and many have watched with amusement to see the callers descend the doorstep with a slow motion and a firm grasp upon the hand-rail. Very often it happened to novices that they made no more calls on those days, and a native young lady, in refusing a proffered glass, said that she "didn't think it paid to take punch and feel dizzy and cross-eyed all the rest of the afternoon." At many private germans and dancing parties the past winter punch and champagne have been as liberally provided for those young people as for a stag party of their elders, and some debutantes betray an acquaintance with different brands and qualities of wines that would more fitly become a club man. Plainly, the temperance people will have to do more than have portraits painted, if they wish to redeem the iniquitous and keep green the example of Mrs. Hayes.—*St. Louis Globe Dem.*

PECULIAR WEDDING-FEE.

A clergyman, now settled in New York, once married a couple, who at once started for Europe. The bridegroom was a man of wealth, and before he presented himself before the bridal altar, he placed a one hundred dollar greenback in his vest pocket to give the parson for his marriage-fee, and did pay it to him, as he supposed.

While crossing the ocean, he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket where he placed it, and could account for its presence there only on the theory that he must have had another bill of a different denomination, which he had donated to the clergyman by mistake.

On getting back to this country, he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman, who did not recognize him, and inquired if, on a certain date, he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly.

"I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor, "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony?"

The clergyman recognized the man as the one he married, and said that he would, of course, gratify him since he was so anxious to know. "I received," he then went on to say, "a very small quantity of fine chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper.

The only thing remaining to be done was to apologize for the curious blunder, laugh heartily, and make the one hundred dollar deposit good.

THE OBJECT OF FAITH.

Believe the Bible and thou shalt be saved? No. There is no such word written. It is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do not trouble yourself in the first instance about questions connected with the book of Genesis, or difficulties suggested by the book of Revelation. Let the wars of the Jews alone in the meantime, and dismiss Jonah from your mind. Look to Jesus: get acquainted with Him—listen to His word—believe in Him—trust Him—obey Him. This is all that is asked of you in the first instance. After you have believed on Christ, and taken Him as your Saviour, your Master, your Model, you will not be slow to find out that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in godliness." You may never have all your difficulties solved, or all your objections met, but you will be sure of your foundation. You will feel that your feet are planted on the "Rock of Ages."—*Dr. Gibson.*

DON'T BE A CLAM.

And now comes a report from Germany that a man has invented an ironing machine: a machine that will iron a shirt, or a sheet; a pair of pants without breaking the buttons, or a pillow-sham without tearing the lace, and all without fire or heat of any kind. It is called "cold ironing," or ironing without heat, and the delighted but verdant German innocently calculates on an immense sale of his new implements because he does away with the heat of the iron and the risk of scorching the article to be ironed. He forgets that the world is full of clams, especially in housekeeping, who shut themselves up in their shells whenever a new improvement in housekeeping comes along.

With the many clams who run the housekeeping of the country, the cold ironing process is the really weak point of the German inventor. "Iron without a hot iron! not if I know myself, and I think I do," will be the ready response of the housekeeper clam. "My mother and her mother and her mother's mother all have ironed with hot irons; they knew that it was necessary to make the clothes look real handsome, and, besides, what does a man and a Dutchman know about housework anyway?" Thus do the household clams answer, and they go on with hot irons, sweltering through the hot days and scorching delicate fabrics in all seasons, and the German inventor will realize by-and-by that he has missed his calling in trying to make woman's work easier. The housekeeper clams boss the housekeeping of the world, and they want to be let alone in ignorance and slavish drudgery.

The repugnance of the average housekeeper to try new ideas is one of the gravest misfortunes of the times. In all other departments of industry there is intelligent progress, but in the field of woman's labor there is scarcely the semblance of advancement. As a rule they take offence at the suggestion that a new thing should be tried. They see it tried in the barn, in the fields, in the shops, on the highways, and every place, in fact, but in the house, where the hardest labor is to be performed, but they shut up their clam-shells whenever it is proposed to lessen their toil. The inventor of the sewing machine and of the clothes-wringer had a battle of years to get a footing in the household, and it was only when the shops and the laundries had made those improvements a necessity that the housekeeper clams opened their shells and reluctantly accepted what they now could not dispense with.

It is high time that the housekeeper clams should open their shells and learn how the world moves. They should try all things that give reasonable promise of lessening housekeeping labor, and hold fast to that which is good. In these days of telegraphs and telephones, of rapid transit and steam heat, of electric lights, coal-oil stoves and gas stoves, it is remarkable that the question of cooking, of washing, of ironing, of baking, of scrubbing and many others but little beyond where the clams of the last generation or of the last century, placed them. The sewing question has been solved, and other important domestic questions have been solved, and should not those admitted improvements teach sensible, practical women the necessity of progress? Don't be a clam!

Housekeepers should turn over a new leaf. If the German ironing-machine comes along, try it; give it an honest trial. Never mind whether it takes a hot iron or a warm iron or a cold one, but try it just as the maker directs. It will cost you little; it may save much, and every step taken in the improvement of the condition of the slaves of the kitchen will be a point gained for all time. Remember that it is the clam that stays in its shell and learns nothing about the progress of the world. When improvements are offered by a friend or by newspaper advertisements or by the irrepressible agent, give them a trial even if it does go against all of the grandmother notions. Don't be a clam!—*Phila. Times.*

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The old man sits in his easy chair,
And his ear has caught the ringing
Of many a church-bell far and near,
Their own sweet music singing,
And his head sinks low on his aged breast,
While his thoughts far back are reaching
To the Sabbath morns of his boyish days,
And a mother's sacred teaching:

A few years later, and lo, the bells
A merrier strain were pealing,
And heavenward bore the marriage vows
Which his manhood's joy was sealing.
But the old man's eyes were dimming now,
As memory holds before him
The sad, sad picture of later years,
When the tide of grief rolled o'er him;

When the bells were tolling for loved ones gone!
For the wife, for the sons and daughters,
Who, one by one, from his home went out,
And down into death's dark waters.
But the aged heart has still one joy
Which his old life daily blesses,
And his eyes grow bright and his pulses warm
'Neath a grandchild's sweet caresses.

But the old man wakes from his reverie,
And his dear old face is smiling,
While the child with her serious eyes reads on,
The Sabbath hours beguiling.
Ah, bells, once more ye will ring for him,
When the heavenly hand shall sever
The cord of life, and his freed soul flies
To dwell with his own forever.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

HOW BEST TO DEFEND THE SABBATH.

It is manifest that we Christians must make the most of the Sabbath in our homes and in our Churches if, at least, we mean to conserve it in our cities and in our States. So soon as we become careless and indifferent about it, the one reason for the selection of the first day of the week, rather than any other for the day of periodic rest, will disappear. If there had been no Ark of the Covenant in the inner sanctuary of the Tabernacle, there would have been no outer covering of curtains round the Tabernacle court. And so soon as, in the holy of holies of the Church, the Sabbath is disregarded, the curtain of legislation that encloses its outer court of rest will be removed. The responsibility rests on us, therefore. We are in the Thermopylæ of this conflict to stem the incursions of the enemy that would take it from us; and we are to do so, not so much by weapons of legislation as by our own earnest and holy Sabbath-keeping. *Our conduct here will do more even than our words.* Let us make the day the happiest of the week in all our homes. Let us prize it for its intellectual and spiritual stimulus in the house of God, as well as for its physical rest. Let us avoid all travelling for business or driving for amusement in its sacred hours. Let us regard it, not as a restraint to be chafed under, but as a precious gift to be religiously guarded from all sacrilegious hands. And then we shall have nothing to fear from any influence in the land.—*Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.*

MONEY MATTERS.

The borrowing of money—of course outside business where legal forms are observed and security is supposed to be given—is to be avoided; and a right-spirited person will make many an effort and sacrifice before doing it. It was a frequent cause of embarrassment among friends. There is a certain proportion of such cases in which the lender loses both his money and his friend. "Eaten bread is soon forgotten," and one who borrows may forget, while the memory of the lender, bad enough, perhaps, in other matters, is commonly tenacious here. "He came to me and borrowed money, and he never since alluded to it. The value of it is not much, but it is not the thing to do." So many a man says for himself or to a friend, of some one whom he seems unaccountably to keep at a distance. Cases will arise, of course, where it is an absolute necessity, but they are not nearly so numerous as is supposed. As for the professional borrowers who haunt the doors of benevolent persons, and of clergymen, as a rule they have no serious intention of paying, and are to be treated accordingly. But the lenders do not learn that fact for years, and the impositions practiced on ministers would often be ludicrous if they were not cruel. It will be in order some day for some of the victims to give their experience.

Money is "the world" in condensed form, and the way in which we regard and treat it is a test of character. To learn that one is as truly responsible for the use made of money as of hand, or pen, or tongue, is a great lesson. To do good with it when it is possessed then becomes a part of one's life-plan. Not that the only good is done when it is given to "societies," "charities," and the like. There are "societies" that might be abolished without any loss to the race as a whole, and there are "charities" that "begin at home" in this sense that the promoters are first and the largest beneficiaries. A man is bound to look to the channels through which his money goes, and it is sometimes a sacred duty to refuse. To give an honest man, who has all the elements of success but capital, a start with a little money, on a business basis, is sometimes a real act of beneficence. It is good for a man to examine personally the objects of his charity instead of merely writing his check (which is easier to many than paying actual money) and lazily letting the thing go, perhaps to be disgusted at a later day, when the fraud is laid bare; when he is ashamed of himself, and when something that is divine whispers the temptation into his ear, "It is useless to give, and you had better stop it." What the world and the Church both need is intelligent givers who will examine for themselves, and who will enjoy the reflex benefits of actual contact with the deeper needs of their fellows. If men and women looked into the objects that invite their good offices, they would give from the living hand much that is now put into the "last will and testament."—*Rev. John Hall, D. D., in N. Y. Ledger.*

SHAKE HANDS.

Shake hands with somebody as you go out of church. The more of it the better, if it is expressive of real interest and feeling. There may be a great deal of the Spirit of the gospel put into a hearty shake of the hand. Think of St. Paul's four times repeated request—"Greet one another"—after the custom then in common use, and one which is expressive of even warmer feeling than our common one of hand-shaking. Why not give your neighbors the benefit of the warm Christian feeling that fills you to your finger tips, and receive the like from them in return? You will both be benefited by it; and the stranger will go away feeling that the church is not, after all, so cold as he had thought it to be.

Starry hosts of God's realized promises shine out in the great firmament of the Word, Some are fast grouping themselves into constellations of "the glory that excelleth." Here and there, where I saw only a cloud, I find now a grand, sublime nebula only waiting for higher faith-power to be resolved into, not stars merely, but suns. And the Lord has brought me forth, like Abraham of old, and said, "Look now toward heaven, and *tell the stars!*"—*F. R. Havergal.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

The yellow stains made by the oil used on sewing machines can be removed if, before washing in soapsuds, the spots be rubbed carefully with a bit of cloth wet with ammonia.

MUSTARD PLASTERS.—These biting plasters are often very essential, but if prepared with hot water they will raise a blister too quickly for comfort. Beat up the white of an egg slightly, stir it thickly with mustard, and apply to the seat of pain. No blister will rise. Or take the half of a sponge cracker, dip it into scalding hot water, sprinkle dry mustard over it, and apply, and it will not be apt to blister. A very sticky plaster can be made by stirring up the mustard with molasses, and it will not affect the skin with too great severity.

WHITE FRUIT-CAKE.—A novelty to many cooks is called white fruit cake. The recipe calls for one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups and a half of flour, the white of seven eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder (not heaping, but evenly full), one pound each of raisins, figs, dates, and blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of citron; cut or, better still, chop these all fine, sift flour over and through them, and after mixing the cake, put the fruit in last. This makes a large cake, and it requires a long time to bake it; it should be baked slowly, so that the centre may be as well done as the outside.

BRAN ON CARPETS.—Take a pint of any coarse bran—a pint is sufficient for an average room—dampen with as much water as it will hold without dripping, being wet enough to make "splashes" on the carpet, sprinkle it over one-half the carpet, then commence next to the wall and sweep the bran over the other half. Keep your shoes off the bran. When the sweeping is finished the bran, if rightly operated, will have absorbed the dust, and the furniture will be easily rubbed over. This applies to ingrain, rag, or other than brussels, and will not soil the finest fabric, wall or paper.

GERMAN CREAM.—Put two ounces of gelatine into one quart of milk, and let it stand for one hour; then let it come very gradually to a boil over a slow fire. Beat the yolks of ten eggs until very thick, and stir in slowly; add one half pound of sugar, a spoonful at a time, constantly stirring the mixture over the fire. Stir, boiling slowly, for ten minutes; then pour into a dish wet with iced water and set aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, and pour over the cream when it is perfectly cold. Set upon ice about half an hour, and serve very cold. It can be eaten with any preserved fruit.

Miscellaneous.

THE POTTER'S SONG.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round,
Without a pause, without a sound;
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
And mist and cloud will turn to rain,
And rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
"What makest thou? Thou hast no hand!"
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray.
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,—
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,—
Are kindred and allied by birth,—
Are made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done.
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay.

—*Longfellow.*

Selections.

Truly, high words do not make a man holy and just, but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

There is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbors that does not come back in blessings on ourselves.

"The man who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare.
But he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere."

—*R. W. Emerson.*

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—ont of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide.
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

The realization of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation. It is that which sustains us, and calms us.

When the Spirit of Christ enters and takes possession of a man, it fills him with the desire to *do something* to bring others to Him, too. And wherever he is he will find or make the opportunity. The loving heart can not rest without in some way *telling* of its love.

Man's plea to man is that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begged before;
Man's plea to God is that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve, that, when we sue,
Makes His old gifts the examples of His new!

—*Quarles.*

Science and Art.

At Pau, in the lower Pyrenees, is the Sebastian collection of old masters. There are 800 pictures, and Raphael, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, and many other artists of world-wide celebrity should attract the attention of tourists to this mountain hamlet. They belong in Spain, and were brought to Pau in disturbed times for safe keeping.

In the Royal Academy Exhibition at London is a representation of a segment of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, and on the concave side is painted the scheme of the proposed decoration. When completed it will illustrate the Book of Revelation. It is to be executed in mosaic, with gold ground and full colors, in the Venetian manner.

Recent discoveries in Indiana give a much more recent date to the mastodon than has been generally assigned. In one skeleton the marrow of the large bones was still capable of use, and the kidney fat was replaced by lumps of adipocere. In another, found in Illinois, there was every evidence that it had lived upon the vegetation of the present day—upon the grasses and herbs that now grow in the vicinity.

The valve motion to the steam-engine was the result of a boy's love of play. The valves in Watt's engine were operated by levers moved by hand, and required constant attention. The boy in charge saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction at the moment he opened and closed the valve. Fastening the lever by a cord to the proper part of the engine, he found himself released for his play. Watt saw the benefit of the contrivance and made the engine automatic

TREASURES IN SOUTH AMERICAN GRAVES.—The *guaciles* or ancient tombs of the province of Chiriqui, situated on the isthmus about one hundred and fifty miles south-west of the city of Panama, have recently produced large quantities of golden images. A quarter of a century ago considerable excitement was occasioned in that vicinity by the accidental discovery of some of these valuable antiquities. A native, in passing a large tree which had been upturned by the wind, observed beneath the roots an earthenware jar, which, upon closer scrutiny, proved to contain a number of small golden ornaments. An examination of the neighborhood revealed the fact that the spot had at one time been a vast cemetery, and thousands of graves were soon opened, nearly all of which contained large numbers of these curiously-fashioned objects. So great was the quantity taken from these repositories that thousands of dollars worth were annually for several years shipped to the northern cities and to England, where they were converted into bullion. Some of the finest examples, however, have been rescued from the reducing furnace by appreciative antiquaries, and many of them have proved to be wonderful illustrations of native American genius and skill. They seem to have been first cast in earthen moulds, and afterwards hammered and polished into the desired form. The designs from this source are almost endless. Many of them are grotesque, representing human beings and fantastic creatures with the heads of unknown beasts, alligators, crayfish, bats, dolphins and dragons. The majority are provided with small eyelets for attachment, showing that they were probably designed as personal ornaments or pendants.—*Our Continent.*

Personal.

A recent visitor to Mark Twain describes his lazy style of speech: "Not as though it were weighed before delivery, but rather as though it had come a great distance and was tired."

The Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, England, now traveling in this country, is a successor to John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in his pastorate and is only the sixth minister that church has had since its organization, 250 years ago.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston is the second daughter of the late George Junkin, D. D., a Presbyterian of note, who was President of Lafayette College in his day. Her elder sister became the wife of "Stonewall" Jackson. Her husband, Colonel J. T. L. Preston, has been for years one of the Faculty of the Virginia Military Institute. Mrs. Preston's health is delicate, and her eyes confine her most of the time to a dark room. In spite of this double disadvantage she has done a great deal of good work in literature.

Dervisch Pacha, the representative of the Sultan in Egypt, owes his elevation to a lucky accident. A few years ago, during the Bosnian insurrection against the Porte, Dervisch, then a young captain, was sent to secure a ferryboat which was on the other side of a river and guarded by a large force of Bosnian sharpshooters. He plunged into the river alone, swam boldly across, cut the boat from its moorings and swam back with it, while the insurgents' bullets were whizzing about his ears. This daring deed attracted the attention of Omar Pacha, his superior officer, and secured his rapid promotion.

Items of Interest.

The sale of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College is announced to take place this week. A debt of $80,000 is the principal cause of the trouble.

A Memorial Home for Friendless Children will be opened at Long Branch by Mr. Chas. G. Francklyn in memory of his daughter, who died in Paris last winter.

Marriage intention is published between Hallam Tennyson, son of the poet, and one of the daughters of the Duke of Argyll who shared his travels in this country.

The Rev. W. J. Spaugh, a Methodist minister, was murdered by several Indian boys whom he corrected in school near McAllister, in the Indian Territory, on Sunday, July 2.

Jules Levy, the cornetist, receives $600 per week and rooms at Brighton Hotel for his services. In reply to the question when he would retire from business he objected to the term, as too vulgar to apply to his art, and refers to himself as a large diamond whom all hotel proprietors on the Beach are anxious to pick up.

A peculiar system of mortgaging farms is used in Switzerland. A farmer may borrow of a dozen men successively, the simple record in an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of debtors, and calling on each in his order to assume all the debts and manage the farm or step aside and lose his claim.

CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD—*Trains to the Seashore.* The "season" at Atlantic City is now fairly under way, all the cottagers having been on the ground for a month or more, and the hotels being nearly full with scores of boarders. A stay at Atlantic City is particularly pleasant at this time when the close atmosphere of the city is exchanged for the cool breezes of the shore. The place owes a large part of its popularity to its ease of excess, and the quick transit afforded by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. This company is always anticipating the demands of its patrons, and has begun the summer with a considerable increase in its equipment, there having been recently added a train of new cars of the most elegant description, a new Woodruff car, and two new locomotives built expressly for power and speed. The Camden and Atlantic has been successful in earning for itself a reputation for safety and for the regularity of its trains. This railroad runs the whole length of Atlantic Avenue, and passengers are distributed at all principal points. A pocket time card, lithographed in colors, has been recently issued, giving all trains to and from Atlantic City. The number of trains by this railroad is greater than that of any other line from Philadelphia to the coast, there being seven daily, eight on Saturdays, and five on Sundays. The depots of this Company are at Vine street and Shackamaxon street ferries, and the time of express trains is ninety minutes.

The verdict of English critics is that English cooking, as a rule, is very bad. This fact lends special value and interest to the efforts of the ancient and honorable Cooks' Company of London to train girls in the art of preparing healthful and palatable food. For several years past this company has been in the habit of selecting girls from the various city ward schools, and paying the cost of their instruction in practical cookery at the National School established for this purpose at South Kensington. A recent competitive examination furnished satisfactory proof of the good results to be expected from this experiment. The dishes to be prepared were selected by ballot, so that no suspicions of culinary cramming might enter into the display. But in spite of the inevitable accident of one girl getting another's speciality, the dinners were all that the most fastidious could desire.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for July 15th and 22d contain: Richard Cobden, Modern Review; Henri Heine, a Family Portrait, Contemporary Review; The Lights of Maga, Blackwood; My Spider, and Carlyle and his Wife, Gentleman's Magazine; A French Assize, and Names of Flowers, Cornhill; An Attempt to Reach Merv, or Six Weeks in Serrukhs, and Sergeant Ballantine's Experiences, Temple Bar; Oriental Patriotism, The Apparent Jingoism of Ants, and Poetry and Pessimism, Spectator; A Translation from Heine, Academy; Saladin in Cairo, Saturday Review; Life in a Paris Studio, Pall Mall; with instalments of "Ladies Lindores," "Robin," "Barney's Neighbor," and "Theophile," and selections of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is a brilliant Number. It opens with a fine frontispiece, a full-page illustration by Abbey, engraved by Closson. We note especially two bright Summer articles—both splendidly illustrated—"Some Western Resorts," by John A. Butler, and "The Cruise of the 'Nameless,'" by Barnet Phillips.——Col. T. W. Higginson contributes "The First Americans," an entertaining and instructive historical paper—the first of a series which is to give a continuous history of the United States down to the close of President Jackson's Administration—profusely illustrated.——There could be no more attractive Summer-holiday reading than Mr. Lathrop's fourth paper of "Spanish Vistas," in which he introduces his readers to Andalusian delights and the splendors of the Alhambra. Mr. Reinhart's beautiful illustrations enhance the charms of this delightful Spanish sauntering.——"Some Worthies of Old Norwich" (Sir Thomas Browne, Lord Nelson, John and Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Harriet Martineau, Sir William Beechey, Elizabeth Fry, and old John Crome) are treated by Miss Alice R. Hobbins in an interesting article, illustrated by views and portraits.——George M. Dawson contributes an entertaining sketch of the Queen Charlotte Islands and their native inhabitants, the Haida Indians, with illustrations.——T. E. Prendergast contributes an article on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the wonderful region—the "New Northwest"—which it is about to open to civilization. The article is illustrated with an excellent map.——A very important article relating to the perils of navigation in the North Atlantic—icebergs and fog—is contributed by J. W. Shackford, Captain of the *Illinois*.——Thousands of Magazine readers will give an eager welcome to one of the oldest contributors to *Harper*, Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, and will read with interest his exceedingly able article on "The Uses of Shakspeare off the Stage."——The Number contains three strong short stories: "A Rebel," by Julian Hawthorne; "Laquelle?" by Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson; and "A St. Augustine Episode," by Miss A. R. Macfarlane. Poems are contributed by Edgar Fawcett and William Winter.——The Editorial Departments maintain their old vigor. Among the contributors to the *Drawer* are R. K. Munkittrick, J. M. Bailey, John Codman, G. T. Lanigan, and A. E. Sweet.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The contents of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August are light and summery throughout, suggestive of mountain rambles and sea-side excursions. "St. Jerome's Day with the Pueblo Indians" is a well-illustrated paper descriptive of a half-religious, half-barbaric festival in New Mexico. "An Adirondack Home," by P. Deming, has the well-known characteristics of the writer's *Atlantic* sketches, close observation, quiet humor, and sympathetic treatment of the primitive freshness and quaint features of life in the wilderness. "The Romance of Childhood," by Henry A. Beers, is a charming paper, tinged with a delicate fancy, by turns tender and playful. Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer's concluding paper on the Alleghanies gives a deeply interesting sketch of the career of Gallitzin, the prince missionary who did so much for the early civilization of the mountain regions of Pennsylvania, and, in contrast to this, a description of the Cambria Iron Works, which form the most striking features of the actual life of that district. "Bay Beauties and Bay Breezes," by P. V. Huyssoon, is very amusing; while an article on "Shires and Shire Towns in the South," by Anthony Van Wyck, traces in a manner that will be new to most readers the influence of these territorial divisions on social habits and political ideas in the Southern States. The new serial, "Fairy Gold," grows in interest, the scenes and characters being an evident transcript from "society" life in New York. The short stories, "Edge-Tools," by Eleanor Putnam, "Mrs. Larrabee's Morning Call," by Charles Dunning, and "Marcy Hartwick," by Chauncey Hickox, are bright and entertaining; and the editorial departments are as well filled as usual.

THE REVISERS' ENGLISH. A series of criticisms, showing the Revisers' violations of the laws of the language. By G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L. Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature Author of "The Dean's English," etc. The Standard series. 12mo. Copyright by Funk & Wagnalls. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street. 1882. Price 20 cents.

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Approved by the Sunday-School Library Bureau.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Pubs., Boston, Mass.

Myths and Myth-Makers, John Fisk, LL B, pp. 234, $2.00. Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith, pp. 266, 1.00. Hyperion, Longfellow, pp. 391, 1.50. Stories from my Attic, Horace Scudder, pp. 269, 1.00. Dream Children, do do, pp. 241, 75 cts. Stories and Romances, do do, pp. 298, 1.25. The Arabian Nights' Entertainment, edited by Rev Geo Townsend, pp 583, 1.00. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Harriet B. Stowe, pp. 529, 2.00. Legends of the Madonna, Mrs Jameson, pp. 483, 1.50. Three Successful Girls, Julia Crouch, pp. 382, 1.50. Undine and Other Tales, Fouque, pp. 416, 75 cts. The Lamp-lighter, Marion S Cummins, pp. 523, 1.50. The Pilgrim's Progress, John Bunyan, pp. 486, 75cts. Paul and Virginia, De St Pierre, pp. 149, 1.00. Tanglewood Tales, Nathaniel Hawthorne, pp. 243, 1.25. Life of Frederick the Great, Macaulay, pp. 277, 60 cts. Julius Cæsar, Liddell, pp. 247, 60 cts. Tales from Shakespeare, Chas and Mary Lamb, pp 365, 1.00. Legends of the Monastic Orders, Mrs Jameson, pp. 489, 1.50. Play Days, Sarah O Jewett, pp. 213, 1.50. Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country, Horace E Scudder, pp. 250, 1.50. The Bodleys Afloat, do do, pp. 255, 1.50 The Bodleys Abroad, do do, pp. 210 1.50. The Bodleys on Wheels, do do, pp. 222, 1.50. The Bodleys Telling Stories, do do, pp. 236, 1.50. Life of Wm. Pitt, Lord Macaulay, pp. 227, 60 cts. Life of Joan of Arc, Michelet, pp. 238, 60 cts. Life of Robert Burns, Thomas Carlyle, pp. 203, 60 cts. The Gates Ajar, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, pp. 248, 1.50. American Prose, Editor of American Poems, pp. 424, 1.25. Odd, or Even, Mrs A D T Whitney, pp. 505, 1.50. We Girls a Home Story, do do, pp. 215, 1.50. The Other Girls, do do, pp. 463, 1.50 The Silent Partner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, pp 302, 1.50. Success and Its Conditions, Edwin P Whipple, pp. 333, 1.50. Life of Martin Luther, Bunsen, pp. 250, 60 cts. Life of Mahomet, Edw Gibbon, pp. 236, 60 cts. Life of Columbus, Lamartine, pp. 236, 60 cts. Hitherto, Mrs A D T Whitney, pp. 473, 1.50. Real Folks, do do, pp. 450, 1.50. Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott, pp. 350, 1.00. Life of Victoria Colonna, pp. 239, 60 cts. Life of Mary Stuart, pp. 275, 60 cts. Life of Hannibal, pp. 320, 60 cts. Sights and Insights, Mrs A D T Whitney, pp. 344 and 333, 1.50. The Wonderbook for Boys and Girls, Hawthorne, pp. 240, 1.25.

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION BOARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pleasant Talk with the Young on Passages of Scripture, Rev Chas A Smith, D D, 280 pages. The Wildfords in India, Author of Poke and her Sisters, 304 pages. Outside the Gate, 336 pages. Now and Then at Daisy Dingle Farm, Meade Middleton, 203 pages. Those Dark Days, Helen C. Chapman, 288 pages. Deacon Gibb's Enemy, Mrs A K Dunning, 336 pages. Chinks of Clannyford, Kate W Hamilton, 380 pages. From Exile to Overthrow, Rev John W Mears, D D, 475 pages. Boys at Eastwick, M E Griffith, 255 pages. Bessie and I, Lilian F Wells, 304 pages. Elijah, the Favored Man, Robert M Patterson, 216 pages. Week Day Religion, Rev J R Miller, 315 pages. Almost a Nun, Julia McNair Wright, 398 pages. Alypius of Tagaste, Mrs Webb, 361 pages. Ride through Palestine, 524 pages. Rambles Among Insects, 279 pages. Summer by the Sea, 304 pages. Daisy and her Friends, 256 pages. The Story of Madagascar, 313 pages. We Three, 270 pages. Farmer Tompkins and his Bibles, 336 pages. The Theban Legion, 239 pages. Wat Adams, the Young Machinist, 247 pages. Oriel, 340 pages. A Good Name, 240 pages. Aonio Paleario, 112 pages. Leaves and Fruit, M E Griffith, 368 pages. Consequences, Mrs Dunning, 392 pages. Scattered, do do, 272 pages. Letting Down the Bars, do do, do do. Old Portmanteau, Kate Hamilton, 277 pages. House that Jack Built, do do, 368 pages. Rufus the Unready, Martha Farquharson, 308 pages. William Fasel, Wm Blackburn, 347 pages. Chumbo's Hut, Jno. Hosmer, 232 pages. John Calvin and his Enemies, Rev Thos Smith, D D, 208 pages. Finding Jesus, Eliz Strong, 160 pages. Through the Wilderness, Mary Willard, 207 pages. Westward, a Tale of Emigrant Life, Mrs Wright, 272 pages. Four Friends and their Fortunes, Author of Oriel, 320 pages. Trye's Year in India, Julia Thompson, do do.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE, New York.

The Lost Estate and Other Stories, Mrs Ballard, 217 pages, $1.00. No Danger, Mary Hedges, 360 pages, 1.25. The Prince of Good Fellows, M E Wilmer, 367 pages, 1.25. Rose Clifton, Mrs E J Richmond, 426 pages, 1.50. The Voice of the Home, S M J Henry, 405 pages, 1.25. A Day with a Demon, Julia McNair Wright, 95 pages, 40 cts. Little Blue Jacket and Other Stories, Mrs M A Paull, 162 pages, 75 cts. Bread and Beer, Mary Dwinell Chellis, 381 pages, 1.25. Her Heritage, Laurie Loring, 354 pages, 1.25.

ESTES & LAURIOT, Pubs., Boston, Mass.

Christian Heroines, 290 pages. The Young Woman's Friend, 250 pages. Papers for Thoughtful Girls, 344 pages, in set 4.50. Winning his Way, Chas Coffin, 258 pages, 1.25. Zig-Zag Journeys in Europe, Hezekiah Butterworth, 311 pages, 1.75. Zig Zag Journey in the Orient, do do, 320 pages, 1.75. Do do Classic Lands, do do, 318 pages, 1.75. Young Folks' History of Russia, 520 pages, 1.50. Do do America, Hezekiah Butterworth, 535 pages, 1.50. Do do Boston, do do, 480 pages, 1.50.

CASSEL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO., New York, London and Paris.

We have here a list of books especially intended for children of the Infant-School. They are filled with beautiful stories and fine illustrations. 1st set Little Folks' Series, 12 vols., at 25c.; 2nd set Bible Stories, 4 vols., at 25c. These average 60 pages.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Pubs., New York.

We have here another fine lot of books for little folks, finely bound, beautifully illustrated, and filled with entertaining and instructive stories. The names of the books are as follows:

Little Folks' Ballads, A Christmas at School, A Day in the Woods, Little Nursery Songs, Songs for the Twilight, A Long Day, Bobby Shalto, Uncle Dick's Portfolio, Dick and Grace, The Fisher Boy, Songs for the Fireside, A Winter Story, Jack Greene, Little Folks' Songs, A Book about Indians.

These books contain about 50 pages, and are sold at 25 cents a piece.

It is the object of the Bureau to select books for the Sunday-school which are of superior excellence in every respect. The above have been thoroughly examined and are heartily recommended as books of such a character.

REV. C. S. GERHART, A. M.
REV. H. M. KIEFFER, A. M.
REV. R. L. GERHART, A. M.
MISS ALICE NEVIN.

Married.

In the Reformed Church at Berlin, Pa., July 2, 1882, by Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh, Mr. Norman Blubaugh to Miss Bertha C. Altfather; both of Ursina, Somerset county, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In her home, the Reformed Church parsonage, Pattonville, Bedford county, Pa., July 5, 1882, Mrs. Mary Ellen Peightel, wife of Rev. Isaac N. Peightel and daughter of James and Elizabeth Ward, of McConnellstown, Huntingdon county, Pa., aged 25 years, 4 months and 20 days.

One mile from McConnellstown on the "Bedford Road" is a representative American home—house, barn, out-buildings, orchard, spring, great branching elms, maple and walnut giving to the passer-by the impression of taste and comfort.

For nearly a hundred years this home has been well known for its plenty and hospitality. This was the birth-place of Mrs. Peightel. Here did she live with parents, brothers, sisters, a happy, sunshiny, earnest life until she went with the joy of a bird—her heart filled with love, and bounding with high hope to be the help-meet of him and the light of his home, whose words of love to her and plighted troth had filled her heart with rapture, even in childhood's early hour.

Mrs. Peightel enjoyed a large circle of acquaintance, was greatly beloved, and deservedly so. For old and young, rich and poor, high and low, she had the kindly smile, the cheering, comforting word, the helping hand. She was a delightful companion—intelligent, vivacious, attractive. Possessing in large measure the precious womanly gifts of purity, modesty, amiability, gentleness, she was in character and manner a model.

Baptized in infancy, trained in a pious home, taught in the Sunday-school and catechetical class, she "increased" in her degree, "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

In January, 1873, she was received by her pastor, Rev. A. G. Dole, through the rite of confirmation into full communion with the Church, and, ever afterwards, to the time of her removal to Pattonville she was truly her pastor's helper. In the Sunday-school she was a faithful, beloved, successful, teacher. In the missionary society, which she helped to organize soon after the meeting of Mercersburg Classis in McConnellstown, in 1880, she took an active part. To beautify the old church at her home, without and within, as befitting Him in whose honor it was built; to render it attractive and comfortable for God's people, was a work in which she never seemed to grow weary.

On the 16th of June, 1881, Rev. I. N. Peightel and Miss Ella Ward were united in holy matrimony by Rev. A. G. Dole. On that bright day were gathered in her home many friends, who brought with them blessings, songs, flowers and joy, to greet the young couple. Shortly after her marriage Mrs. Peightel removed to her new home. Here very soon her grace of life and womanly worth were recognized. As a pastor's wife, she won golden opinions from the church-loving, warm-hearted, energetic people of the Yellow Creek charge, The parsonage, adorned by her presence, cheered and beautified by her love, refinement and skill, was a favorite resort for young and old.

The bright months sped by with Christian happiness as the guest of the new home. No cloud appeared above life's horizon. Alas for earthly hopes! Suddenly, when for them had arrived what in fond hope would be for the young couple an auspicious hour, the bolt fell, and she, the treasure, lay dead! and he upon whom she had leaned stood—but stood almost paralyzed with grief alone, and desolate. The hearts too that sent her forth with benedictions a joyous bride were filled with anguish, and her girlhood's home with the voice of wailing.

On Friday, the 7th, her body was brought via Huntingdon and Broad Top R. R. to McConnellstown for burial. Many persons from his charge accompanied the smitten pastor-husband on his sad mission. Before leaving Pattonville appropriate services were held in the parsonage by Rev. J. David Miller. At McConnellstown a vast throng had gathered to honor the memory of the beloved dead, and to mingle their sorrow with the stricken ones.

In the church at McConnellstown a portion of the 15th chapter of 1st Cor. was read and prayer offered by Rev. M. H. Sangree; a comforting sermon was preached by Rev. A. G. Dole, followed by impressive and beautiful words from Rev. E. N. Kremer. At the grave, prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Reiter, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. J. D. Miller.

As the golden sun was pressing to the western hills, we gathered on the familiar hill side and, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, laid her fair form, with her babe pillowed on her breast in the silent grave.

May the undying life of Him, who at the grave's mouth said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," so fill the hearts of the stricken ones, as that their sorrow may be chastened and their hearts made to bloom with the resurrection joy. M.

Tribute of Respect.

The following resolutions were passed by the teachers of the Reformed Church, McConnellstown, Pa., A. G. Dole, pastor.

Whereas It hath pleased our heavenly Father to take from us our Christian friend, Mrs. Ellie Peightel *nee* Ward, and

Whereas, Since it is fitting to express our sympathy and high regards, therefore

Resolved, That while we mourn and our hearts are sad, because of the early departure of our Christian sister, we, her companions and co-workers in the Sabbath-school and Bible class, and as officers, teachers and scholars of the Reformed Sabbath-school of McConnellstown know that she was faithful in the performance of her every duty while among us, and that her life was a noble example of Christian piety.

Resolved That in her sudden and sad death society has lost one beloved by all who knew her, the Church and Sunday-school, a faithful and humble follower of Jesus; and while we mourn with the bereaved husband, parents and friends, over her early departure, and assure them of our prayers and sympathy, we commend them to Him who has declared, "My grace is sufficient for thee." We rejoice to know that she died as she lived in the triumphs of faith, in the sure trust of the Redeemer and in full assurance of a home beyond the grave. We mourn not as those without hope. She is not dead, but sleepeth.

Resolved That a copy of these resolutions be recorded upon the minutes, and be published in the County papers and in the MESSENGER and *World*, and a copy sent to the friends of the deceased.

Submitted by Committee: W. F. Eisenberg, W. D. Isenberg, Miss Sue Hamer, Miss L. M. Isenberg, Miss Amanda Sangree, Samuel Stouffer.

Christian World, please copy.

DIED.—At Salem, Clarion Co., Pa., July 6th, 1882, Samuel S. Laughner, aged 64 years, 7 months and 15 days.

Deceased was a confirmed member of the Reformed Church, consistent and exemplary. The last year of his life was a season of nearly continual pain and suffering; he being the victim of a malignant *tumor*. During his suffering he complained but little, and finally died a triumphant death. He leaves a widow and a large family to mourn his decease. B.

DIED.—In Philada., July 13th, Miss Clara, daughter of John and Eliza Moore.

Clara was confined to the house and bed several months during the winter and spring. She was able to go out some before her last illness, though quite feeble. One week before her death she was attacked with brain fever, under whose fearful ravages she soon breathed out her life.

Clara was a member of Christ Reformed Church, Green street. She gave her young life to God in His Church. How sad these partings are on earth!

DIED.—At Salina, Pa., July 17, 1882, John Ralph, son of David and Maggie Grim, aged 1 year, 4 months and 17 days.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. J. H. SECHLER, Rev. D. B. LADY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1882.

ANOTHER HOLY WAR THREATENED.

A very marked illustration of the fact that it is hard to understand current events before they are developed, is to be found in the present status of Egyptian affairs. There are so many elements entering into the contest that it is difficult to predict the out-come. Just now we have a shifting of the kaleidoscope. Arabi Bey has retired to the interior with strong forces which he refuses to disband, even upon the order of the khedive, and the struggle bids fair to be continued, even though it should degenerate into a guerilla warfare.

The general plea of England is, that the protection of her subjects has required armed interference. With this idea Mr. John Bright has joined issue, arguing that it is, after all, only the aggressive foreign policy of the former administration, which has nothing to justify it.

This argument is readily caught up, and it is said that however the khedive has been forced to caution, the fact still remains that the Egyptians have been oppressively taxed for British interests, and that the grievances are on a level with the tyranny which incited the American provinces to revolt. Meanwhile, there are deeper depths. The Porte may temporize with Lord Dufferin with non-committal adroitness about sending troops to Egypt, but the old question of differences of religions is not to be pushed out of sight. This will, after all, be at the bottom of the struggle, and it is bound to well up, causing great solicitude on the part of the European population in the east. A holy war, such as is now threatened will cause a stubborn resistance, such as can come only from some idea which has been ground into the consciousness of the people upon a subject which they regard as of eternal interest. Arabi's forces may be disbanded and suppressed by superior English forces, but it is just possible, that we may have another such a scene as followed the proclamation against the Crusaders in the days of old, when the followers of Islamism waged their unceasing war.

The fanatical spirit of Islam still remains, even among thousands of troops who are under English flags in India, and no one can tell the end. The holy war declared in 1768, was one of the bloodiest in the record of time, and we hope there will be no repetition of it. One thing is certain, whether it give rise to a comfortable feeling or not: In these days there can be no such prolonged conflict as the Thirty Years War in Germany. The present issue will be settled perhaps by force of arms in a very short time.

By a strange mishap the proof of the article by Hon. H. P. Laird, mentioned as in the July number of the *Reformed Church Quarterly*, was lost in the mails and another had to be inserted in its place. The missing article is of some philological importance, and it was thought better to delay it than allow it to go out with inaccuracies.

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been sadly afflicted of late. The death of Bishop Scott leaves but eleven bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church surviving, and of these five were, recently, at least, more or less disabled. Bishop Harris was in South America, laid up with a sprained ankle. Bishop Foss was at death's door at his home in Chicago; Bishop Bowman was dangerously ill, Bishop Peck was also ill, and Bishop Merrill's health has long been a cause of anxiety.

The Church of England is changing its policy in dealing with the "Salvation Army," whose wild and irregular proceedings have, hitherto, brought the organization into disrepute. Some of the English clergy seem anxious to try the experiment of giving a new direction to the enthusiasm which shows itself in street parades, and of subsidizing the zeal in such a way as to make it tell for good upon the Kingdom of Christ. The Bishop of Bedford lately conducted a meeting in which members of the army did the singing. He spoke of the indifferent masses which the Church failed to save and which the Army was somehow awakening. "We will have," said he, "no jealousies. Go, in God's name, and drag them out of the mire, if you can." The Bishop of Oxford spoke more cautiously in a sermon devoted to the subject; but he said the Church dare not forbid these zealous men or oppose them, lest it should be found to be fighting against God.

This is not the only country in which mawkish sympathy is shown for criminals. In Russia, when Goresko, the dreaded robber-chief was sentenced by the court at Ismail, the room was crowded with admiring women who took up a collection for the prisoner. A considerable sum was at once obtained, and one woman, in her enthusiasm handed Goresko a costly jewelled breast-pin, and assured him that the good Czar would speedily commute the sentence.

The following is the text of the Amendment to the Constitution of Iowa:

"Section 26. No person shall manufacture for sale, sell, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall, by law, prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the provisions herein contained, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for violation of the provisions thereof."

This amendment was adopted at the recent election by a majority of forty thousand. The Churches took great interest in the campaign.

At the last annual meeting of Maryland Classis held in Middletown, Md., the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That this Classis requests the editor of the MESSENGER, if deemed advisable, instead of publishing, in full, the various Classical reports on the State of Religion, to publish such a synopsis of them as shall present, in as attractive and readable form as possible, their specially noteworthy features.

SIMON S. MILLER, Stated Clerk,
Md. Classis.

The above which comes to us under official seal is a copy of a resolution prepared by the Maryland Classis, in regard to reports of annual sessions. All right, but, it can scarcely be expected that the editor of the MESSENGER should re-cast all these reports, and put them in an attractive and readable form. The Stated Clerks should do their part in the matter.

It is now proposed to erect a monument to Pius IX, by subscriptions of five cents each from the faithful, and as an inducement to prompt universal payment, the Bishop of Newark offers the following terms: "In return for this slight charity twelve masses shall be celebrated annually and perpetually, for the souls of all who are recommended by them."

Dr. Wayland, writing to the *National Baptist* from Sea Side Park, N. J., in regard to the advantages of the place says:

"Of course, as to blue fishing and all other kinds of fishing, why, that does excellently well to put in circulars and advertisements. But I have found in the course of a somewhat prolonged experience that the time for fishing is very much as it is with regard to the time for a collection in the church or the visit of an agent or District Secretary. The right time is always a little while before or just a little after."

The Mormons, it is said, do not fear the Edmunds' Bill, but gnash their teeth when they think of "Mission teachers," who inculcate the doctrine of purity as taught by Christ.

THE MOTHER OF CRIMINALS.

The *Century*, speaking on this general subject, revives, and repeats the following statement which we saw in print years ago:

"At one of the meetings of the association, when the subject of preventing pauperism by giving a proper training to the children of paupers was under consideration, Dr. Elisha Harris related the terrible story of 'Margaret, the Mother of Criminals.' It has been published in the newspapers, but can profitably be read again to illustrate the great importance of one branch of the association's work. Margaret was a pauper child left adrift in one of the villages on the upper Hudson, about ninety years ago. There was no alms-house in the place, and she was made a subject of out-door relief, receiving occasionally food and clothing from the town officials, but was never educated nor sheltered in a proper home. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, which has cursed the country ever since. The county records show two hundred of her descendants who have been criminals. In one generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children, of whom seventeen lived to maturity. Nine served terms agregating fifty years in the state prison for high crimes, and all the others were frequent inmates of jails and alms-houses. It is said that of the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of this outcast girl, two hundred committed crimes which brought them upon the court records, and most of them were idiots, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, or prostitutes. The cost to the county of this race of criminals and paupers is estimated as at least one hundred thousand dollars, taking no account of the damage they inflicted upon property and the suffering and degradation they caused in others. Who can say that all this loss and wretchedness might not have been spared the community if the poor pauper girl Margaret had been provided with a good moral home-life while she was growing up to womanhood?"

The statement is founded on facts, as the official records show, and it ought to call attention to the way in which pauperism and crime are often perpetrated. An examination of county records in almost every section of the country, will justify the conclusion, that vice is oftenest a congenital inheritance—running in families through generations, and Christian philanthropists are asking themselves whether some of the means employed to provide for the poor, are not as fostering the evils they are designed to cure.

Committees and Telegraph operators make mistakes as well as printers. The Connecticut General Association of Congregationalists lately directed this message to be sent to the General Association of Maine: "The Lord bless and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee"—Numbers vi., 24, 25, but the Maine Association received, "And Balaam rose up, and went and returned to his place; and Balak also went his way." Numbers xxiv, 25. Explanations followed.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Instructor*, thinks the disturbances the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church have experienced in Egypt and the troubled condition of Ireland may be looked upon as a providential infliction because of the vote given in favor of Instrumental Music. If that be the case God must certainly be angry with other Churches that employ organs in the service of the Sanctuary.

The late Bishop Scott had the courage and grace to stop speaking when he had nothing more to say. It is related that once, a few years ago, he was invited to preach a Thanksgiving Day Sermon at Odessa, Del. A large congregation attended, and an elaborate discourse was expected. But, to every one's surprise, he closed his sermon after talking only fifteen minutes, and to the inquirers who flocked about him afterwards he explained that he had said all he knew on the subject in hand, and had, therefore, stopped talking.

We clip this from the *Press*:—"Sunday-school libraries have been for years the dread of wise parents, aware of the wretched books they contain, bad in style, in influence, often in moral effect. A 'Christian bookseller' explains the character of these books in the *Congregationalist* by saying that Sunday-school committees are such persistent touters for discounts and cheap books that 'books from worn-out English plates, books rejected by denominational committees, first attempts of authors eager to get into print, whose manuscripts can be bought for a song, books cast out of the general market as unsaleable, are offered as a last resort for Sunday school libraries.' A committee has been formed by Congregationalists to furnish information to purchasers of Sunday-school libraries, in imitation of like Unitarian and Episcopalian committees; but, unlike them, it will not publish lists, but give advice in particular instances."

It will be seen from the above that the dissatisfaction with promiscuous Sunday-school libraries is general, and that all denominations are exercising more care on the subject. The committee who have the work in charge in our Church are doing a good work. Another list of books examined is given in this issue.

THE IRVINGITES.

The "Catholic Apostolic Church," which Edward Irving sought to revive in England some years ago, seems to be perplexed because its founder made no provision for a succession in the apostolate. He seems to have been tinged with millenarianism, and thought the present dispensation would be wound up during the lives of the "twelve" appointed during his own day. It appears, however, that only two of his original apostles survive—both in extreme old age, and, as there are no signs of the end of the world, they do not know what to do with themselves. It is said that Cardinal Manning is anxious to absorb them, as their magnificent church in London would then give him a cathedral, which is one object of his ambition. Irving, evidently, little dreamed of such an outcome of his inspiration.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We have been very scrupulous in regard to the advertisements that have appeared in the MESSENGER, refusing to contenance quackery in any form and rejecting as far as possible every thing that would make false use of the press to impose upon the public. It may be, however, that we have made our readers distrustful in this regard. Every now and then some one asks us about something of the kind; it may be about an announcement of Frank Siddalls Soap displayed not according to our own ideas of taste; but we see the advertisement in every other religious paper, and find upon inquiry that it is simply an honest article, put before the public at great expense to overmatch something that is not "square." That is the simple history. It is well enough to give some things a fair trial, as families may be kept in the drag by not watching the advance made in discoveries that concern the comfort of domestic life. "Don't be a Clam," is the heading of a selection on our family page, which has something of a wider application.

NEWCASTLE.

There is a large city of this name in England, distinguished, for its situation, as Newcastle upon-Tyne; and who has not heard of the folly of "carrying coals to Newcastle"? There is also a borough of the same name in our little "diamond" sister Delaware. Years ago we used to stop there pretty often; and who has not heard of its famous whipping post? But neither of these we wish to speak about as the subject of this article. There is a Newcastle (beg your pardon, it is written New Castle, with two capitals) in Pennsylvania—and what is there *not* in the old Key-stone? It is situated on the Shenango river, about forty miles N. of Pittsburgh, in Lawrence Co., of which it is the capital, and contains a populations of perhaps eight thousand. It is said to be a very prosperous and enterprising town, or city rather, for such it is *de jure* and *de facto*. Among many good things, it contains and supports about a dozen churches.

Do you ask: Is the *Reformed* Church among the members? We answer yes, and that is just what we are going to speak of. We passed through the place a few years ago, but without a thought that our Church would ever hold forth the Word of life in it. But why not? Well, it didn't look to our eyes like Reformed territory. It is all wrong-plain enough now—what territory on earth should we not consider ours? The old historic Reformed Church waiting and waiting for the good angel to wave all others back, and saying, "Now step in, old mother!" We need to be more aggressive, and above all things, more diligent in taking care of our own, wherever they may be.

A little more than two years ago sixteen Reformed members were organized into a congregation, by the authority of Allegheny Classis, in the city of New Castle. Rev. J. M. Souder, a few months later, became pastor. The "New Castle Courant," of the 14th. inst., (which some one has sent us,) says: "The congregation first worshipped in Marietta Hall, but was compelled by circumstances to change from place to place. It wisely determined to make an effort to secure a church building, and obtained a favorable site on Pittsburg Street. Giving its energies to the work it has erected a handsome Gothic brick 32 by 42 feet, seated it with white wood seats pannelled ends and walnut trimmings, and furnished with a handsome walnut pulpit and altar," &c.

The church was dedicated on the 9th inst., several of our own ministers and six of the ministers of the place assisting the pastor in the various services of the occasion. It was a joyful day for the pastor and his noble little band. The building, though costing the snug sum of $3,600, is nearly paid for. And so the Reformed Church has a firm footing and holds a fort in New Castle-upon-Shenango.

Our Brother, the Synodical Editor for Pittsburgh Synod, will pardon us for trespassing upon his territory, when we remind him that Bro. Souden was our co-worker in the Glade charge, and we naturally take special interest in his prosperous work *out there*.

We have here another illustration of the truth, that where there is a will there is a way. Many a much larger congregation would have shrunk from a work of such apparent magnitude. "Impossible," would have been the decision and a good work, a blessing to present and coming generations, left undone. That is nihilism of the worst sort.

Sixteen members to begin with, two years ago, and already a beautiful sanctuary, their own permanent home. We believe that many souls will be born and reared there. And some day it will be the center of a whole group of Reformned churches in the country around. So may it be.

We believe that there are many other places where sixteen Reformed members, more or less, could be found, and it is our duty as a church to find them. If the Allegheny Classis had been sleeping we would know nothing to-day of a Reformed Church in New Castle. K.

Although the efforts of our agent, Rev. H. K. Binkley, in Shenandoah City, Schuylkill county, have been embarrassed, by the fact that the miners have not had regular work, he sends from that place fourteen new subscribers for the MESSENGER and thirteen for the *Hausfreund*. Rev. J. G. Neff is pastor, and, when the charge is fully canvassed, we expect a much greater return.

Communications.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

Rev. Ambrose D. Gring to Rev. Dr. Johnston, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

TOKIO, JAPAN,
MISSION HOUSE, June 18, 1882.

My Dear Doctor:—I wish you were here. The week's work is ended, for this is Saturday evening. My sermon written in Japanese-Chinese colloquial by my own hand, is by my side, ready for use to-morrow. On the wall of my study, on a pliable blackboard, is the first and beautiful question of our much loved Heidelberg Catechism, written in Chinese square characters with chalk, for my Sunday-school to-morrow at 2 o'clock. I love the first question of the Catechism; it loses none of its beauty for being in its new dress; indeed *nothing* can alter its beauty, not even the Japanese language I would like to have a talk with you in my study. I would like to show you my manuscript, and my general preparation for the Sunday work. But a little while ago I was practising Japanese hymns, to be sung to-morrow. *I would like* to describe to you how on the 31st of May my teacher and myself, on a warm afternoon, started out to hunt a place to preach. We took two Jinrikishas, for it was too warm to ride in one, and my man, taking the lead, off we went across the great city. We passed through thickly populated streets but we did not stop. So we passed on, not because these crowded streets had the Gospel, but because I had another part of the city in view. During my trips in various parts of the city, I had constantly a view as to where would be a good place to locate. It is quite a point to begin in a good place with a fine outlook for the future. I want our church to have her church planted in as influential and high a part of the city as possible. Our men finally got us to the foot of one of the highest hills in the city, and when we got there my man was tired out and wanted his money and to be excused from going up the hill. So I paid him, and took but one man. We passed through a beautiful little Japanese garden, or resting place, at the foot, and then on up the hill. The first thing that attracts one's attention is the fine soldiers' monument, in memory of the slain in the late rebellion in the South. The site overlooks the greater part of the city, and is surrounded by a nice quiet neighborhood. My intention was to get right on the corner or as near as possible, where two highways meet. We walked on, talking and wondering whether we could get this or that house, but my teacher, who can't speak a word of English, passed on, and seemed to be looking up to the sides of the houses. I did not know for what reason, but I soon discovered it was to see the usual paper, which is pasted on all houses to rent, the same as our "To Let." We passed a number of houses, and finally came to a public garden, which we entered and rested awhile. While resting I inquired of my teacher about the neighborhood and whether my coming here would interfere with anybody else. He told me where all the mission places were, and none of them within a mile. Then he mentioned that if I were to remain in the garden, and he go to inquire about the houses I would get them cheaper. But there was something tricky about this place which I did not like, and was not worth the difference in price, or in fact any price. We started out again and walked up and down the street, and at last we stopped at a neat little house next to the one with the label on. Here we met and bowed to an old lady and her daughter sitting by the hibachi (a little box with charcoal fire to keep hot water). My teacher, who is rather an old man, a Christian of the Presbyterian church, was my spokesman. He knew, of course, just how to go about it. He inquired for the man of the house, and presently in comes a fine, old Japanese man, of rather pleasant face. We told him what we had come for. He did not object in the least. He said he had heard of Christianity and wanted to know whether I was a Christian. My teacher told him I was, and that I wanted to have a house to preach in. He did not object, but told us what his price was for the house a month, and how much for the mats, with which the floor of every house in Japan is covered—taking the place of our carpets and chairs, for they always sit on the floor. After a little conversation, we left with the understanding that we would be back the next day. On our return, as we passed the house again we noticed the occupants moving out. This struck me as rather significant, to have things

and persons make place for the Gospel. It was just and right that he should move out of that house to give place for the preaching of the Lord of heaven and Saviour of men. The Lord's work should go before all things, and men should make room for it, even in heathen lands. I felt like telling the man what the disciple told the owner of the ass: "The Lord hath need of this place." But this would have been of little account, seeing that he knew not the Lord, neither could he see any other reason for moving than his own interests. But I felt there was another reason for his moving, and that was because the Lord had sent me there to preach the Gospel to the people of that district, and the man was called upon to make room. This was my interpretation of the occurrence. We now set our faces homeward, feeling sure that this was the place for us to begin. At the foot of the hill we parted, he to his home and I to mine. When I got home and related the outcome of the search, we could not help feeling that God had signally blest and given us an open door, as we had asked Him to. What put it into the heart of this heathen man to consent to give us his house for the preaching of the Gospel? He might easily have said, "Yes, my house is for rent, but not to preach the Gospel in; I do not believe in the religion, and I will not give my house for that purpose." But instead of that, he willingly assents when he knows just what it is for. Now, I don't know how others would look upon this fact, but I look upon it as the work of God's Spirit upon the mind of this heathen man, leading him to consent to give his house for the purpose of preaching Christ. It seems to me to have refused it for this purpose would have been the most natural thing to do, for the natural heart is in enmity against God and His cause. I have great faith that God will honor this man and his family with the gift of saving faith in Christ, and what he has done for His cause may only be the beginning of a life of influence. It does seem to me it is something for a heathen to give his own property to be used in this way in the interest of a religion which stands in direct opposition to the religion of the people and empire.

Yours, in Christ,

A. D. GRING.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Baltimore, Md.

At the meeting of the Classis of Maryland, at Middletown, the matter of commencing a new mission in East Baltimore, came up and received the attention which it deserved. The Classis proposes to give it aid and support to the extent of $1000 in the erection of a new chapel. This is done with the understanding that at least $2000 will be raised for this object in the city of Baltimore. We presume that this will be done, because one-half of the amount has already been offered for this object from a reliable source. This interest has been pressing its claims upon our attention for some time, and it affords us pleasure now to be able to say to those interested in it: Go on now, brethren, and God bless you. Now and then we are told that we are forcing matters in the missionary work, and that there is *some danger of too much tension*. Well, all that we have to say is that this is a mistake. It is just the other way: the missions are forcing themselves upon the Board, and it is the power back of us that is making itself felt (through us) upon the Church. It is the cry of our people to send them ministers and to help them to build churches.

Williamsport, Pa.

The Classis of West Susquehanna, as we are informed, at its last meeting sanctioned the division of the Williamsport congregation, which means the formation of a new one that will be exclusively English. It further promised to assist this latter in the erection of a new church, and has made itself responsible for the amount of $1500 for this object. This with the outfit promised by the German brethren—also $1500—will enable the English brethren to go forward and build a house for the Lord. First, however, both congregations must secure for themselves pastors, which, as we learn, they are both trying to do. It is time now to go forward.

Stroudsburg, Pa.

The Committee of the Classis of East Pennsylvania, Drs. Porter, Hibschman and Elder Miller, met at Stroudsburg, Pa., and held divine services in the Court House, in the forenoon and evening, on the 4th of June, and completed the organization of the new congregation by installing the officers elect. The audiences on both occasions were large, showing that this new movement is attracting attention in the town. We are told that it is meeting with public favor, and that a liberal minded citizen has agreed to present a lot on which to build a new church. It now appears that the young congregation when fully started, will be two, or possibly three times larger in numbers than it was expected to be at the beginning. Mr. Kerschner was prevented from entering upon his duties at once by temporary illness, but he expects to do so soon and to be able to preach for the missions on the 25th of this month.

Virginia Valley.

The missionary spirit, we are informed, manifested itself to a greater extent than usual in the sessions of the Classis of Virginia, which met this year at Middlebrook, at the upper end of the Valley. Perhaps the missionary ground on which the Classis met, where something substantial has been done of late years, had some effect in kindling the missionary fire. The treasurer reported that the contributions for missions during the last year have been such as have not been equaled in the history of the Classis. The Middlebrook charge has been divided and provision has been made for the support of two pastors, where hitherto only one, Rev. S. L. Whitmore, has been laboring. The pastor loci and Rev. A. J. Bowers will supply the new charge, until in co-operation with the people, they succeed in securing a pastor. The Rev. A. R. Kremer was authorized to organize a new congregation within the limits of the Winchester mission, so as to strengthen it and assist in preparing the way for it to become self-supporting. The Classis has a large field to cultivate, with ample room to extend itself towards the South and the East. It has no churches, we believe, east of the Blue Ridge. It ought to have.

North Carolina.

We notice a slight increase in the contributions of the Classis of North Carolina for benevolent objects this year over those of the previous year. This year the amount is $255. The mission at Concord has suffered to some extent by the removal of valuable members and has not as yet realized the expectations that were formed when it was started, nearly two years ago. The Rev. G. D. Gurley, missionary, finding it difficult to sustain himself by teaching at Concord, concluded, with the approbation of the Board, to accept of a position as professor in Catawba College, and so to change his base of operation. He, however, with another member of Classis, continues to supply the mission at Concord at regular intervals with preaching and pastoral attention. This will continue for the present, or until some better arrangement can be made for it. He preaches also and does missionary work at other points within the Classis in connection with the other professors. The college is doing well, as we learn from its last catalogue. It has added a department for the training of teachers, of which Brother G. has charge. It has become also to some extent a centre of missionary influence and activity. The more it earns for itself this latter character, the better it will be and the more useful it will become to the Church and the State.

THE PREMIUM TRACT, AND THE DECISION OF THE COMMITTEE OF REVIEW.

As will be seen by the following communication a decision has been reached by the committee selected to review such manuscripts as may be placed in their hands, and decide which one is entitled to the Premium of Twenty Dollars offered for the best Tract of four pages on "The Reformed Church in the United States."

Lancaster, Pa., July 17, 1882.

Rev. Charles G. Fisher, Dear Brother:—Your Committee entrusted with the duty of reviewing the manuscripts for a Tract on the subject of "The Reformed Church in the United States," for general distribution, in order to determine which one is entitled to the Premium offered by you, would respectfully tender you the following report:

We have received six manuscripts on the subject assigned, to which we individually, as well as in our collective capacity, have given careful examination. The decision which we have unanimously reached is, that the manuscript bearing the signature of "Melancthon," both as to matter and form, approaches nearest to the idea which you have proposed, and therefore, in our judgment, is entitled to the reward.

In tendering you this report, we congratulate you upon the success of this enterprise. We have no doubt but that the tract will prove of permanent benefit to our Church in leading the membership thereof to a better acquaintance with her history and distinctive spirit.

All the manuscripts, according to your advice, are herewith forwarded by express to your address.

Thanking you for your confidence in us, and hoping that the conclusion which we have reached may meet with your approbation, we subscribe ourselves,

Yours very truly, in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Church.

J. A. PETERS.
J. B. SHUMAKER.
JOHN G. FRITCHEY.
JOHN S. STAHR.
CHRISTIAN GAST.
JOHN B. ROTH.
CHARLES DENUES.

It is gratifying to the undersigned that the committee have been able to reach a unanimous conclusion as to the manuscript deserving of the reward. He takes occasion in this public way, to extend them his thanks for their readiness to undertake the duty assigned them, and the fidelity with which they have discharged it.

The successful competitor is certainly to be congratulated—as this is the first time, it is believed, in the history of the Reformed Church in the United States that such a test has been set up—in his securing the reward over his fellow competitors, whose manuscripts also possessed merit and evinced scholarship and ability. Upon the reception of the above report of the committee, the Premium—Twenty Dollars in Gold—was promptly forwarded to William Nevin Apple, Lancaster, Pa., the person submitting the manuscript bearing the signature of "Melancthon."

The undersigned would also thank the other authors for their manifesting interest enough in the subject and enterprise, as to prepare and submit manuscripts to the committee. It is to be hoped that, though not successful in securing the Premium, they may not be discouraged, as their labor has certainly not been altogether in vain.

Should the success of this be as great as it is expected and ought to be, another like Premium will be offered in due time, for a Tract upon some other subject to be hereafter determined.

CHARLES G. FISHER.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 20, 1882.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Negotiations have been entered into by the Board of Corporation of the First Reformed Church (Race street, Philadelphia), Rev. Dr. D. Van Horne, pastor, for the sale of the building in which the congregation is at present holding service. The price named is $55,000, with which the officers expect to secure a desirable lot, and erect a new edifice in a more suitable location. The encroachments of business have, for years, hindered the progress of Church work, notwithstanding which, the congregation and Sunday-school have more than maintained their average. With a new location, the workers in the old historic church expect to make enlarged progress. In the meantime, the congregation will worship in Handel and Haydn Hall, at Eighth and Spring Garden Streets.

The address of Rev. George P. Hartzell has been changed to Sunbury, Northumberland county, Pa. Correspondents will please address him accordingly.

Sunday, 16th inst., is spoken of in the Lancaster *New Era* as a red letter day for the Reformed congregation of Elizabethtown, of which Rev. J. H. Pannebecker is pastor. The church had been beautifully refitted, and the above named day was the time for rededication. Dr. E. V. Gerhart preached the sermon and the re-consecrating act was performed by the pastor. The church, it is said, will now compare favorably with those in larger places. Much credit is given to Mrs. Pannebecker, for her energy in securing the means for the repairs. Formerly service was held every two weeks, now large audiences assemble every Lord's Day for worship.

SYNOD OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Rev. J. G. Steinert has taken charge of the Mission at Centre Point, Clay county, Ind. His correspondents will please address him accordingly.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

At a special meeting of St. Paul's Classis, held in Greenville, Pa., July 12, Rev. E. E. Gruenstein, of Olney, Ill., was received from the Indiana Classis, and a call to him from the Sharon charge was confirmed and placed into his hands. A committee, consisting of Revs. D. D. Leberman, F. Pilgram and F. B. Hahn, was appointed to install Bro. Gruenstein.

At the same time the wants of the Mercer mission were considered, and efforts are to be made to secure a pastor for the mission at once. The feasibility of establishing a mission at Sharpsville was strongly discussed but nothing definite was determined upon.

CLERK.

General News.

HOME.

The Democrats of Georgia have nominated Hon. A. H. Stephens for Governor.

It is proposed to buy the Garfield residence in Washington, and refit it as headquarters for Ohio citizens residing in the National Capital.

William J. Mullin, long known as agent for the alleviation of prisoners, and a man of great active benevolence, died in this city on the 21st inst.

Heavy storms and destructive floods were reported from Kansas and Missouri on the 17th inst. In the vicinity of St. Joseph they carried off many buildings and caused damages estimated at $50,000.

A fire licked up a four acre block at Front and Brown streets in this city, on Sunday afternoon. The fire is said to have originated with tramps who infested a warehouse. Many families living in the vicinity were endangered, but no lives were lost.

The tug Laura was struck and sunk by the Clyde on the night of the 17th inst. Five hundred excursionists were on the Clyde, but no lives were lost. The crew of the Laura was saved by the boats of the Clyde. It appears that a cook had charge of the wheel.

A woman and two children were found starved to death last week in a lonely section of Van Buren county, Ark., in the mountains. It is believed that the woman fell sick, and the children, being too young to secure aid for her, perished.

FOREIGN.

Reports from Egypt under date of July 18th, say that the fires in Alexandria are extinguished. Arabi is said to have but 6000 men taken from all classes and greatly dissatisfied. They are surrounded by famishing women and children.

London, July 18.—An Alexandria despatch to the *Daily News* says:—The Khedive states that 205 Europeans have been killed at Kafr-el-Dewar.

The numerous executions at Alexandria excite some comment among the Liberal party in the press and in Parliament.

The Alexandria correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* telegraphed yesterday at 4 A. M.:—Four new graves have just been dug in the square ready for the bodies of plunderers. In the evening he telegraphed:—Three of these graves are now filled. Arabs guilty of plundering and arson are brought in every few minutes. The utmost discretion is used in dealing with the accused.

There was an attempt last evening to set fire to the St. Marks Buildings, the headquarters of the Americans in Alexandria.

London, July 18.—A leading editorial in the *Morning Post* says:—The behavior of the American Admiral and his men at Alexandria is beyond all praise.

Amid diplomatic protests, European concerts and conferences, and naval demonstrations of imbecility, it is refreshing to find a commander who is able and willing on his own account to say what he thinks and to do what he says. Sixty marines, physically speaking, could not do much; but there is a way of giving support which quadruples its value.

The conduct of the Americans during the night alarm that Arabi Pasha was coming contrasted remarkably with that of the French and Italians.

The war preparations in England continue with unabated activity.

London, July 19.—The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Alexandria says:—I drove yesterday nine miles along the line of Arabi Pasha's retreat, and passed several villages the people of which are starving. The soldiers robbed them of everything. The entire route is lined with dead horses and carriages. It is reported that the Bedouins harassed the soldiers during their retreat, killing 200 of them.

A despatch to the *Times* from Alexandria says:—The conduct of the Khedive causes much surprise. He has for the past few days allowed several persons to be at the palace who are well known to have been intimately connected with Arabi Pasha. The Khedive apparently trusts them; but it may be he is endeavoring to get them thoroughly in his power.

Arabi Pacha proposes to kill all the Turks in Egypt. He says as there are not many throats to cut it is better to cut them now.

London, July 21.—A despatch from Alexandria says:—British troops went out this morning with explosives for the purpose of blowing up the obstruction erected by Arabi for the diversion of the waters of the Mahmoudieh Canal from Alexandria. Arabi's soldiers will defend the obstructions, and a fight is probable. Arabi has issued a proclamation, and it is being preached throughout Egypt. It denounces the Khedive as a traitor to Egypt and to the religion of Mohammed, and accuses him of having deserted to the Christians for the purpose of securing for them an entry to and a permanent occupation of the land of Egypt. It calls on the natives to renounce the Khedive and all who remain attached to him, to join the army of the faithful, and to fight till every foreigner is expelled from the land.

Alexandria, July 23.—The Khedive has signed a decree dismissing Arabi Pacha and declaring him a rebel. He will also issue a general order forbidding the Egyptian army to obey orders from Arabi Pacha, and forbidding the people to pay him their taxes.

A proclamation issued by the Khedive asks the people to assist the English, who, it says, are promoting the interests of Egypt.

According to the latest news from Cairo there are 8,000 starving, homeless persons camping in the Esbeih Gardens.

Arabi Pacha yesterday massed 700 cavalry, with a field gun, at the pumping station of the Ramleh water works. It is supposed that his intention is to destroy the station.

Washington, July 23.—The acting Consul-General of the United States in Egypt telegraphs Secretary Frelinghuysen from Alexandria to-day as follows: "I remained at Cairo up to the last moment. Our records and my personal effects there are lost. All American citizens are saved."

Despatches dated July 22, say that the British forces are advancing, and have appointed a governor of Alexandria. Later advices tell us that the Egyptian forces have been routed. Arabi has levied a war tax of $500,000. He is well supplied with provisions and ammunition, but his forces are not increasing.

Smyrna, July 19.—A fire which broke out here to-day raged for seven hours. Fourteen hundred houses were destroyed and 6000 persons are homeless. One life was lost.

THE PUBLICATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE PREMIUM TRACT ON "THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES."

The above Tract is now being rapidly put in type, and in the course of a few days will be ready for distribution. It is certainly a tract that will be judged by all as treating the subject briefly, honestly, and practically. We wish it to have a wide circulation throughout the length and breadth of our Church, and be scattered among those outside of us, who know us not as a Church, and should be acquainted with our history, genius and work. We trust Pastors will supply themselves with it, and distribute it wherever they go out and in among their people. We hope laymen also will take an interest in the matter and send for copies of it, which they may hand out to their friends and neighbors.

It will be composed of four pages and printed on good paper and in clear type. We will furnish it at the following *cash* rates, postpaid:—

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July 26, 1882.

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In the Periodical Department our terms are cash in *advance* as before, but with no discount. We trust our subscribers will bear this in mind.

Closing our fiscal year July 31, we hope all receiving statements, now being sent out, of their accounts in either or both departments, will settle them by that date.

This will enable us to render a good account of our doings to the Synods this Fall, as well as—with cash in hand—to enlarge our operations and diminish our obligations.

We need and deserve, and have a right to expect, the patronage of the Church, and its hearty and substantial co operation in all efforts to bring success to its publication interests.

CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer,
Ref. Church Pub. Board.

July 5, 1882.

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CHAS. G. FISHER,
Supt. and Treas. R. C. P. Bd.

Business Department.

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BABY IN THE CRIB THINKING.

Beautiful little mamma,
What do you think I'd do
If you were a baby smiling,
And I a mamma like you?
I never would leave my baby
Waiting to be caressed,
But reach out my arms and take her,
And gather her on my breast!
That's what I'd do
If I were you!

MRS. L. C. WHITON.

CHARITY.

Down in a dell an acorn fell,
And no one knew 'twas there;
But time sped by, and toward the sky
A tree grew large and fair;
Its cool green shade sweet arbor made
For pilgrims worn and sad,
While dews of heaven were nightly given,
To make the tree—self glad. A. L. P.

THE SAWING MATCH.

BY ADA CARLETON.

In one corner of the old academy playground, a group had gathered about two boys, Sandy Jardine and Max Guerney. Sandy was a tall, strong, large-featured lad, as opposite as the poles to the little, lithe, dark youth who stood near him looking up in his face with laughing black eyes.

They were leaders, these two, each of his particular clan; and respecting their popularity, the school was nearly equally divided. A strong rivalry existed between them, good-natured enough for the most part, though sometimes verging toward unfriendliness. Just now, Sandy was evidently excited; almost angry. In a foot-race, the preceding Saturday, Max had beaten him, gaining a supremacy which he possibly might hold.

"Yes, you did whip me, fast enough," Sandy was saying, while a dull red mounted to his cheek; "but, all the same, I'll whip you to pay for it, and any day you've a mind to set."

"The track was too short," cried one of Sandy's champions. "That's what's the matter! By the time Sandy got under headway, he had to turn. The walk was laid out for little fellows."

Considerable laughter followed this sally; and the "little fellow," Max, joined in it heartily.

"Come; I'll match you in any way you like," continued Sandy. "Come, now! rowing, riding, running, wrestling—which shall it be? Come! I dare you, Max Guerney!"

A little murmur of approval run around the group, and then the boys waited for Max's reply. Well they knew he would never refuse a dare.

"I, as the challenged party, have a right to choose the weapons?" interrogated Max, with a side glance from his laughing black eyes. "Well, then, I'll neither ride, nor row, nor run, nor wrestle; but I'll saw wood with you, Sandy, and you may beat me if you can!"

What a clamor of high, boyish voices met him!

"Oh; no fooling now!"

"Whose wood?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you." Max's voice rose clear above the tumult. "I'm in earnest enough. There's old Uncle Nathan Blines and his wife, poorer than double-distilled poverty, and nobody to do a hand's-turn for 'em since 'Siah died. I saw old Nathan out chewing at his wood-pile. You know they hauled him some cord-wood last winter, your father, Sandy, and mine, and two or three others; and I made up my mind to go over and saw for him some Saturday, any way, poor old fellow! There's pretty near five cords of the wood, I guess; and we'll have somebody divide and measure it for us. Then we'll saw to win; and if you whip me in it, Sandy, the next Saturday I'll match you in splitting and housing it for him. What do you say?"

Sandy joined in the cheers and laughter with the utmost good-nature.

"Done!" nodded he. "I'll do it."

Up spoke a blue-eyed, wiry little fellow at his elbow:

"You shan't do the whole of it! Say, Charley Bugbee, I'll split for Sandy, and you for Max!"

"Agreed!" said Charley.

"And we'll wheel in for you two, Art Humphrey and I!" declared Sandy's brother, Jack. "Won't we, Art?"

"Whew! How far my little candle throws its beams!" laughed Max. "I'll tell you, boys: we might have the match in Uncle Nathan's back yard, charge fifteen cents or so admittance, and give Uncle Nathan the money."

"Hooray!" shouted Reub Story. "My brother Bob works in the *Clarendon Star* office, and I'll get him to print our hand-bills. He owes me ten cents, anyhow."

"Good for you, Reub!" cried Max. "Grand sawing match! Ditto splitting ditto! Ditto wheeling ditto! Fifteen cents admittance! Children, full price! Gate open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Good enough!"

Next day the prospective sawing-match was noised about the town, and a day or two later the hand-bills were out. It made a great deal of talk, both sportive and serious, in the little village.

"It's a good idee; a fust-rate idee!" That was Capt. Winty Coolidge, you might know. "It l'arns the boys that mixin' kindness to other folks with their fun don't hurt nothin'. It's wuth a quarter, and I'm a-going to pay it! I'm a-going to pay it!"

There was every indication that the sawing match would be a grand success financially.

"I don't believe the back-yard will hold 'em all," laughed Max to the half-dozen boys who, with him, were taking their homeward way after school Friday night "Have you got the tickets, Reub?"

"Yes; a hundred and fifty of 'em."

"Good! Now all we want is a fair day."

The day proved to be all that could be desired.

Hazy clouds veiled the burning face of the sun, and there was a brisk, cool breeze blowing. The sawing was to begin at nine o'clock; and before that time the board benches ranged along the back-yard fence were filled with merry lookers-on. Uncle Nathan sat in his low, vine-draped doorway, beaming at everybody over his brass-bowed spectacles. There were Max and Sandy, fresh and smiling, with their saws; Dick and Charley with their axes, and Jack and Arthur with their wheelbarrows. Max's father stood near, watch in hand.

"Go!" said he.

Instantly both saws cut with a tuneful shriek into the wood, nearly drowning the sound of Peleg Toothacre's cracked fiddle, which had been engaged, with Peleg, to make music for the occasion.

At precisely the same instant the two logs across the two saw-horses fell in twain.

How everybody cheered, sending little tingles of excitement thrilling along every boyish nerve! And Uncle Nathan waved one of his eyes out of his spectacles; and Aunt Nabby, over his shoulder, fluttered her big calico apron, and bobbed her gray cork-screw curls, to the tune of "Pop goes the Weasel," which Peleg's cracked fiddle was merrily playing.

The hours wore on. The crowd came and went, surging in and out of the backyard with jolly chat and laughter. The saws shrieked; the axes flashed in air; the wheelbarrows trundled from wood-pile to wood-shed. Peleg fiddled through and through his repertory of tunes from "Yankee Doodle" to "Money Musk;" and at length came high noon, with twenty minutes for refreshments.

In the afternoon, the excitement waxed stronger. The boys sawed steadily on with scarcely any symptoms of fatigue, save that there was a scarlet flush on Max's dark cheek, and Sandy's lips were pale, and trembled a little nervously.

Everybody was laughing and talking of the sport. Even Mrs. Colonel Grosvenor, the great lady of the village, drove up to the backyard gate in her carriage, bringing a demijohn of delicious iced lemonade for the young sawyers and their friends. Captain Winty Coolidge walked around, rubbing his pudgy hands together, and sprinkling in encouraging remarks between the shrieks of the saws and the squeaks of the fiddle.

"It's a good thing to strengthen the muscles—the muscles. A long chalk sensibler than walking ten hours to the stretch; so 'tis, so 'tis! Good, boys! Doing well, all on ye—all on ye!"

And how earnest every one became, to be sure, when at length the sticks in each wood-pile might be counted!

"You never saw anything like it!" said Max to his mother, between huge mouthfuls of bread and jam, at the tea-table that night. "Everybody who had a handkerchief shook it, I know; and Aunt Nabby waved her big checked apron. They were all singing out: 'Go it!' and 'Good!' till a fellow couldn't hear himself think. Uncle Nathan sat in the door trotting his foot and wiping his eyes, though what for I can't imagine; and Peleg jumped up on his nail-keg and fiddled like the whole town was burning! Oh, 'twas great! And when we counted up the money there were twenty-nine dollars and sixty cents clean cash for Uncle Nathan; and everybody cheered again like fun when we handed it over. And Captain Winty made one of his speeches. Uncle Nathan broke right down when he tried to thank us, and Aunt Nabby kissed us boys all round. Yes, ma'am!

"Oh, yes'm; Sandy beat by twenty-four seconds; and Sandy's Cap'n again at school, and of course Dickey Bird beat Charley, because Charley couldn't split my last stick till I'd sawed it, for they kept right on our heels the whole time. But Art Humphrey beat Jack Jardine! For Art caught up the wood in his arms, quick as Charley split it, and ran into the shed with it and out while Jack was unloading his wheelbarrow. It gives a fellow an appetite," concluded Max, with a sidelong glance from his laughing eyes as he reached for his third helping of jam; "but it's a little hard on the arms!"—*Wide Awake.*

LITTLE NYAGANDI.

Nyagandi is a little girl whose home is a mere hut on the shores of the Ogawe River in West Africa. A lady who has gone as a missionary to her people has told a very pretty story about her, which we are sure our girls will like to read.

Nyagandi has never worn any clothing in her life, except a cloth tied around her waist. It has been only lately that she has thought of wearing any thing else.

Since she has been attending school in the mission-house, and learning to read, she is anxious to wear a dress like her kind friends, and so with slow but patient fingers she is learning to make one out of some bright calico.

She owns a canoe, in which she darts here and there over the creeks and rivers like a graceful, dusky bird.

One Saturday she paddled to the mission-house, and sold some bunches of plantains to the ladies.

"Now, Nya," said one of them, "to-morrow will be Sunday, and you must come to service."

"I surely will," she answered, "if I am alive."

Saturday night somebody stole Nya's canoe, and on Sunday nobody would lend her another, yet she was in her place in church, and in time. Her home was on the opposite shore of the river, at that place a third of a mile wide, with a current flowing deep and strong. How had she crossed?

In the simplest way in the world—by swimming. Some of the boys had seen the dark head bobbing up and down in the waves, or it is doubtful whether she would have said a word about her performance.

But, little women, who sometimes pout at wearing an old bonnet or dress to church, please think of the African girl, so anxious to keep her promise, that she swam the Ogawe on Sunday morning rather than be absent when the good missionaries expected to see her at Christian worship.—*Harper's Young People.*

FINELY TEMPERED SWORDS.

The art shown in sword-making was not by any means confined to beautiful forms and elaborate ornamentation. The greatest skill was exercised in the manufacture and tempering of the blade, which, in the days when swords were not only worn but used, was more important than any other part of this weapon. In Europe, the sword manufacturers of Spain first began to have a reputation for producing work of superior quality, and the armorers of Toledo stood foremost among their countrymen. A "Toledo blade" was considered to be a weapon of great value, and, even now, when we wish to speak of something remarkably fine-tempered and sharp we compare it to one of these swords. The peculiarity of the Toledo blade was not only its extreme hardness, which enabled it to receive and retain the sharpest and most delicate edge, but its elasticity, which allowed it to be bent without being broken. Some of the most famous of these swords could be bent so that the points touched the hilts, and yet they would spring back to a perfectly straight line. It is said that, in Toledo, sword-blades have been seen in the cutlers' shops coiled in boxes like watch-springs, and although they might remain in this position for some time, they would become perfectly straight when taken out. Other places in Europe were also famous for producing good swords. Many excellent weapons were made in Italy, and Andrea Ferrara, the Italian sword-maker, who has been mentioned before, was better known throughout Europe than any other of his craft. To possess a genuine Ferrara blade was considered a great thing by the nobles of France and England.

But it is to the east that the world owes the production of the most finely tempered swords it has ever seen; and the steel of Damascus has been celebrated for many hundred years as superior to any other metal that has ever been made into sword-blades. Even the cutlers of Toledo doubtless owed their skill and knowledge to the Moors, who brought from Damascus the art of making blades that were as hard as diamonds, as sharp as razors, and as elastic as whalebone.

Wonderful stories are related of the Damascus swords. We have been told that with one of them a full-grown sheep could be cut in half at a single blow, a heavy iron chain could be severed without turning the delicate edge of the sword, and a gauze veil floating in the air could be cut through by one gentle sweep of the glittering blade. These wonderful scimitars are not manufactured now, but their fame has exceeded that of any other weapon of their kind, and it is quite certain that their extraordinary excellence has not been exaggerated. It is probable that the workers in steel of the present day might be able to discover the peculiar methods by which the Damascus steel was made, but as there would be little use or demand for the blades after they had been produced, it is not likely that their manufacture will be attempted. We should consider, however, that although the present age is pre-eminent as an inventive and manufacturing period, there are some things which have been produced by the ancients and the artificers of the middle ages which we of the present day have not been able to equal. It is possible, therefore, that our steel-workers might never be able to make a Damascus blade, even if they wanted to.

Some of the swords of Japan are said to possess wonderful qualities of hardness and sharpness. The story is told that if one of these celebrated blades is held upright in a running stream the leaves floating gently down with the current will cut themselves in two when they reach the keen edge of the sword.

But these Japanese swords, some of which were held in such high esteem that they were worshiped, and temples were built in their honor, were only hard and sharp; they had no elasticity, they could not bend and they might break, and in this respect they were far inferior to the splendid scimitars of the Moors and Saracens. —*St. Nicholas.*

DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Oh! Mamma! Mamma! What do you think!"
Cried out my Merry May,
"As sure as you live and breathe and wink,
It's the fairies' washing day.

"I've been in the woods with Bell and Grace,
And I know what I talk about,
For under the trees in every place
Their clothes were hanging out.

"Tiny breeches, as white as snow,
Hung on the stems to dry,
Swinging and dancing, row on row,
Whenever a wind goes by.

"Just as cunning as clothes can be,
Puckered around the band;
But never a fairy could we see,
Not even a little hand.

"But Mamma, they hung no aprons there,
Though we watched and made no noise.
And oh! I'm afraid—and it isn't fair—
That the fairies all are boys!"

—*Independent.*

A TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. The word is "*truth.*"

Now, then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.

Now, mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they must be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people, and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have nothing to do with law-books, for they would confuse his mind!"

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit?

Now, I want you to be a *man*, and that you may be that I want you first and foremost to be *true*, thoroughly *true*. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the very beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort, to seem to be otherwise than we are.

When we have laid that foundation then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and godlike after the perfect image of Him the perfect Man, who said that He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

SITKA FROM THE SEA.

As we entered the harbor of Sitka from the sea the general appearance of the place was tropical. The snowy cone of Edgecombe first appeared, then the sharp peak of Vostovia—a triangular patch of white against the sky. Everywhere below the snow-line the mountains were green with luxuriant growth. The harbor was protected against the sea by a curved line of reefs, on which grew firs and pines and cedars, with bare trunks and tufts of branches, making them look not unlike palms. The warm moist atmosphere curtained all the middle distance with a film of blue, and, in the foreground, a fleet of very graceful canoes, filled with naked or half-naked Indians, completed the illusion. A line of surf seemed to bar every approach to the town, but suddenly a narrow channel opened. The ship swung sharply to the right and glided into a long, narrow harbor. The Indian village is built upon the beach, and at evening it was covered by the shadow of the adjoining forest. The green spire of the belfry of the Greek church reached up above everything except the former Russian governor's "castle," a huge log structure perched upon a pinnacle of rock near the sea. The church on the lower ground was surrounded by the rambling, dilapidated houses and hovels of the Russian inhabitants, who then numbered about four hundred, their neighbors being about two hundred mixed whites and about twelve hundred Sitka Indians.

Pleasantries.

A correspondent from Boston writes us to know what the word Nihilists is derived from. We are surprised that such ignorance should exist in such a town as Boston. The Russian assassins are called Nihilists from the River Nile. They are dirty, like the water of the Nile, and have sudden upsprings. Like the Nile, their sources are unknown. Nobody knows where their head is and it is not healthy to try to find out. If you do not think this is the right answer, you had better hunt up a Nihilist and make him tell you all he knows.

——

The new reporter was sent to the school exhibition. His report read pretty well; but there were a few things in it which did not meet the approval of the local editor—such, for instance, as these: "The essays of the graduating class were good, whoever wrote them"; "the floral offerings were excessive, and, from the number received by Miss Simplegush, we judge her father owns a first-class greenhouse"; "the young lady who read the valedictory to the teachers has in her the making of a fine actress. She simulated sorrow so accurately that the writer might have been misled, had he not subsequently heard the young lady speak of this same 'dear teacher' as 'a hateful old thing.'"

——

In the ante-bellum days, a New York State grocer raised the price of a certain grade of tea, from "three shillings" to forty-five cents, and an old farmer who came in with a barrel of cider-vinegar to sell, could hardly credit his senses, when told that his favorite brand of tea had advanced several cents per pound.

"What on airth is the reason for this sudden raise?" he inquired.

"Scarcity of tea-chests," was the brief answer.

"Well, do you want my vinegar?"

"How much?"

"Eight cents a gallon."

"I only paid you seven for the last."

"Yes; but cider has riz, you see."

"What has brought cider up?" asked the astonished grocer.

"Scarcity of bung-hole plugs," was the quiet but serious reply.

They looked at each other without winking, and then tea dropped back to thirty-eight and cider to seven cents.—*Wall Street News.*

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The young people of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church have made their annual contribution, amounting to $800, for sending sick children to country homes for two weeks each. Their example, it is to be hoped, will be followed by the young people of other churches.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church have appropriated for the year 1882, and to May 1 of 1883, the sum of $640,000. Since the year 1833 the Board has received in gifts and legacies $10,496,430, and the entire sum has been used in missionary work. Thirty new missionaries are being sent out by the Board this year.

Rev. William H. Vibbert, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, at Germantown, has been elected Assistant Bishop by the clergy of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Vibbert is a son of the Rev. William E. Vibbert, of Fair Haven, Conn., and was graduated from Trinity College in 1858. He was for a number of years a professor in the Berkeley Divinity School, at Middletown, Conn., and has been settled in Germantown since 1873.

The Sunday-school Assembly, which for the last three or four years has been held on the line of the Cumberland Railroad, but an hour and a half south of Harrisburg, is to be held this year at Mount Lake Park, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in the mountains. There are already forty handsome structures at Mount Lake, and the success of the enterprise in this new location seems to be assured from the outset. The assembly lasts from Wednesday, July 26, to Tuesday, August 1.

The Methodist ministers of Cincinnati, Ohio, at their meeting July 3, passed resolutions "that the only Temperance amendment we desire to the Constitution of Ohio is to have the present provision prohibiting license replaced by a prohibitory clause in words identical with or similar to those of the Iowa Amendment just adopted. We invite the temperance people of Ohio, of all political parties, and of all churches and of no church, to unite with us at the proper time in petitioning the present legislature to pass a joint resolution submitting the proposed amendment to the decision of the voters of the State."

The Hanson Place Baptist church in Brooklyn, N. Y., has disciplined Mr. William Richardson, an ex-deacon, for a flagrant violation of the Sabbath. He is the President of the Atlantic Avenue Horse Railroad Company. He was determined to have a track along Seventh avenue, *and knowing that the residents on the* streets were bitterly opposed to this, and would be sure to get out an injunction in case he should attempt to lay a track on a week-day, he planned carefully to do it on Sunday, beginning about midnight of Saturday. No injunction could be secured on the Sabbath, and accordingly the plan was successful. But the church said that he broke the fourth commandment and led others to do the same.

Abroad.

Mr. Walter C. Jones, a munificent Englishman, has recently given $360,000 for the religious missions in Japan and China.

The Church of England schools educate at the present moment 1,500,000 children, while all the board and denominational schools together have in them only about 1,357,000.

The Pope has made several alterations in the Catholic geography of Canada, and has formed new bishoprics at Peterboro, with Mgr. Jamot First Bishop, and at Pontiac, with Mgr. Larain Titular; also, a Prefecture Apostolic in the Lower St. Lawrence region, to which Abbe Bosse has been appointed.

According to the London *Record*, the Queen has approved the appointment of the Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce, Canon of Winchester and Sub almoner to the Queen, to the new see of Newcastle. Canon Wilberforce is a High Churchman. He is a member of the Council of the church of England Temperance Society and an earnest advocate of its principles.

Dr. Pressense says that it is recognized that the French Republic has one subtle, vigilant, and "implacable enemy"—to wit, Ultramontanism. And he is obliged to confess that the "Ultramontanes have been gaining strength lately in France." There is a rising fear that the schools in the Republic will, under the new laws, be wholly irreligious, if not positive seed-beds of infidelity.

The Synod of the Presbyterian church met in Dunedin, Australia, recently. The temperance committee suggested an annual temperance conference in each Presbytery, and the formation of bands of hope and temperance societies. There are, in connection with the Synod, 196 elders, 347 deacons, and 6,210 members; 128 Sabbath-schools, 842 teachers, and 5,607 scholars in average attendance. Bible classes were reported on the increase. The church's missions were favorably reported. A committee was appointed to prepare an address on Christian Giving. The question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister was remitted to the Presbyteries and kirk sessions, with a view to a final decision at next Synod.

IMPORTANT

TO

EACH LADY READER,

AND TO

EVERY MAN WHO READS

THE

MESSENGER.

THE MESSENGER has a few words to say to its readers:

In the latter part of last Summer the attention of our Advertising Department was attracted to the large advertisements of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which were appearing in a number of high-toned Religious Papers published in New York City and elsewhere.

A striking individuality about these advertisements was the fact that, not only was wonderful merit claimed for the soap, but every claim was endorsed in the strongest manner by the newspapers in which the advertisements appeared, and the high character of the Papers precluded an idea that the endorsements, strong as they were, were given for the sake of getting the advertisements, but were undoubtedly given after the publishers had become satisfied from home and personal use, that The Frank Siddalls Soap was a tremendous advance on the part of science over the old, hard, troublesome washdays of our wives and mothers, and that also it was an indispensable article for the Bath and Toilet, for Washing Dishes, for Scrubbing, and all Housework, House-cleaning, etc.

THE MESSENGER

advertising man accordingly determined to test this remarkable article, and also have it tried in his own home,

AND HAD IT HONESTLY TRIED,

exactly as directed, for of course a trial any other way would not be an honest trial, and the consequence was that arrangements were made with the enterprising manufacturer to use the columns of the MESSENGER for extending the sale of his Soap.

By the large amount of money spent in advertising in the MESSENGER, it has been greatly benefited, and

MANY OF ITS READERS

are now Blessing the day their attention was drawn to what has proved

A GODSEND TO THEM

about their housework.

AND YET FRANK SIDDALL AND THE MESSENGER

are not satisfied. There is no reason for 10,000 Families being made acquainted with the merits of this great improvement and then for the good work to stop. Every family should at once investigate for themselves what a single honest trial invariably proves to be a real benefaction.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

have been received, and could be published if necessary, but there is really no necessity for going to so much expense in publishing testimonials when the remarkably liberal offer is made to send the Soap by mail for trial.

COMMON SENSE HOUSEKEEPING.

Common Sense Tells a Housekeeper

That it is not a sign of intelligence in men or women to get mad when they are told of better and easier ways of doing their work.

Common Sense tells her that a soap that is excellent for the skin of even a little infant cannot possibly hurt clothes washed with it.

Common Sense tells her that clothes will last much longer when they are not rubbed to pieces to get them clean.

Common Sense tells her that if she don't scald or boil clothes the saving in fuel will more than pay for the Soap.

Common Sense tells her that a smart person will be very glad this hot weather to hear of an easy way of washing clothes.

Common Sense tells her that a Soap endorsed by prominent Physicians and by leading Newspapers must have real and wonderful merit.

Common Sense tells her that even a person of only ordinary intelligeuce could not possibly have any trouble following easy sensible directions for washing clothes.

AND NOW COMMON SENSE SAYS, KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER,

And give one honest trial on your very next wash-day, and on every bit of the wash to the

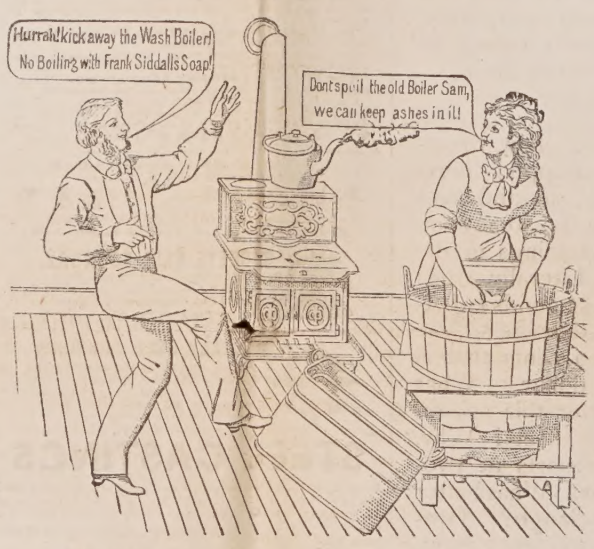
FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

Just Think! No Steam to Spoil Furniture!

No Steam to Spoil Wall Paper!

No Yellow Clothes! Smooth Hands!

The Wash Done Early in the Forenoon!



Remember! Make the last water soapy, and the clothes will bleach on the line and iron easier! Always wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. After the rest of the wash is done, then wash the colored pieces and colored flannels EXACTLY the same way as the white pieces.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes—Genteel and Easy, Ladylike and Sensible—Heat the Wash Water in the Tea Kettle the very first time, no matter how odd it seems.

First.—Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water, draw it out on the washboard and soap it lightly wherever you see any dirt or soiled places.

THEN ROLL THE ARTICLE UP IN A TIGHT ROLL—just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing—and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way, and so on with each piece until they are all soaked and rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes or longer—one hour is just the thing—AND LET THE SOAP DO ITS WORK.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out, turning each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams, but don't use any more Soap and DON'T wash through two suds.

All the dirt must be got out in the first suds. DON'T keep the Soap on the washboard or it will waste, but if a streak will not come out by easy rubbing, soap it again and let it lie while you are washing a few other pieces.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING.

Wash each piece lightly through a lukewarm rinse-water on the washboard without using any Soap, UNTIL ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE OUT. *Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT COMES THE BLUE-WATER.

Use scarcely any bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER IS DECIDEDLY SOAPY; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, and out on the line WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

The Clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.

A small piece of Soap dissolved in the starch makes a handsome gloss, and the pieces will iron much easier.

Try It Next Wash-day! Ask Your Grocer for it!

Don't Be Put off With Anything Else!

So satisfied is the Frank Siddalls Soap Manufacturer that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP only wants ONE TRIAL *strictly by the directions on a regular family wash*, that a cake will be sent by mail, postage paid in full, on receipt of retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps, to points where dealers will not accommodate their customers. Of course only one cake must be sent for, as it is very expensive to send even one cake. It has to be put in an iron box that costs 6 cents, as the Post-Office rules will not allow Soap to be sent through the mail in pasteboard boxes, 15 cents in postage stamps will have to be put on each cake, and yet a cake will be sent for 10 cents if the person who sends,

WILL PROMISE, 1st.—That it shall be used THE FIRST WASHDAY after getting it *on the whole of the regular family wash.*

2d.—*That every direction*, even the most trifling, *shall be* FOLLOWED EXACTLY.

Of course only one cake will be sent, but after that is tried the dealers will then supply you, for

A Beautiful and Expensive Present is Made to the Wife of Every Grocer.

JUST THINK!

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Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Phila., Pa.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, July 24.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at $2.75@3.25; winter extras at $3.50@4; Pennsylvania family at $5.35@5.50; some fancy lots at $5.62½; Ohio and Indiana do., $6@6.25, some fancy brands higher; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at $6.25@6.75; winter patents at $7.25@8; Minnesota bakers' extras at $5.50@6 for clears, and $6.25@6 75 for straights, and do. patents at $7@8, as to quality. Rye Flour was dull at $4@4.25, as to quality, with sales of 100 sacks on a basis of $4.10 per barrel.

WHEAT.—Sales of 6000 bushels Delaware red track at $1.20; 5000 bushels do. afloat at $1.20; 500 bushels do. do. at $1.21; 2000 bushels Delaware amber track at $1.22; 5000 bushels No. 2 red July early at $1.21; 10,000 bushels do. at second call at $1.20½, with that asked and $1.20 bid at the close; $1.17½ bid early for August, with $1.16½ bid and $1.17½ asked at the noon Board, with sales later of 10,000 bushels at $1.16½; 10,000 bushels September at $1.17½@1.17⅝; 10,000 bushels do. at $1.17½@1.17⅛, and after change 15,000 bushels at $1.16⅞@1.16½; $1.19 bid early for October, but closing at the second call at $1.18 bid and $1 18⅞ asked.

CORN.—Sales of 1000 bushels No. 3 track at Richmond at 88c.; 1000 bushels do. in grain depot at 90c.; 600 bushels steamer in grain depot at 90½c.; 2000 bushels sailed mixed track grain depot and Twentieth street elevator at 91@91½c., with 87c. bid and 88c. asked for sail July in elevators; 10,000 bushels August at 86½c. and 5000 do. at 85½c. after 'Change; 5000 bushels September at 86c. early, with that asked and 85½c. bid at the close, and 85½c. bid early but asked at the close, with 85c. then bid for October.

OATS.—Sales of 2 cars No. 2 mixed at 70½c.; 4 cars No. 3 white at 72@73c.; 1 car No. 2 do. at 74½c., and 5 cars do. do. at 75c.; 5000 bushels do. July at 71c., with 53½c. bid and 54½c. asked for August; 5000 bushels September at 49½c., the closing rate asked, with 48½c. bid and 49½c. asked for October.

RYE was scarce and nominal at 81c. for prime old crop.

SUGARS.—Raw were steady and more active, with sales of 500 hhds. fair Cuba at 7½c.; 720 hhds. good fair do. at 7 5-16, and 681 hhds. 300 bags centrifugal at 8¼c. Refined were in good demand, and closed firm at 10c. for cut loaf and crushed; 9⅞c. for powdered; 9¼@9⅜c. for granulated; 9⅛c. for mould A, and 9@9⅛c. for standard A's.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $22.50@23; shoulders in salt at 10½@10⅝c.; do. smoked, 11½@11¾c.; pickled shoulders, 10½@10⅝; smoked, do. 12½@13c.; pickled bellies, 13½@14c.; loose butchers' Lard, 12½c.; prime steam do. $12.87½@13; city kettle do. 13½c.; Beef Hams, $22.50@23 for new; smoked Beef, 17@18c.; sweet-pickled Hams, 13½@13⅝c., smoked do., 15½@16c.; extra India Mess Beef, $31@32, f. o. b.; city family do. $20, and packet do. $16.50 in barrels. City Tallow was quiet at 8⅜c. for prime in hogsheads.

POULTRY.—Old fowls are moving quietly at 14@15c. for mixed lots and 16c. for all hens. Springs continue plentiful and dull at 12@18c. for small and large.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania and Western creamery extras at 26c.; good to prime, 23@25c.; do. imitation, 18@22c.; Bradford fresh, tubs, 25c.; do. firsts 22@23.; York State tubs, fresh, extras, 24c.; do. firsts, 21@23c.; Western extras, fresh, 21@22c.; do. good to prime, 16@19c.; do. medium, 12@14c.; factory, choice, 17@18c.; do. good to prime, 12@16c.; common shipping grades, 14@15c.; grease, 4@6c.; prints, choice to fancy, 30@32c.; do. firsts, 25@28c.; do. seconds, 20@23c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory choice full cream at 11½@11⅝c.; do, fair to good, 10½@11c.; Ohio flat, fine, 9½@10c.; do. fair to good 8½@9c.; Pennsylvania part skims, 6½@7c., and do. full skims, 2@5c.

EGGS.—We quote good Western at 18@19c., and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware extras at 21c. for general trade, though a few transactions in Southern receipts were reported as low as 20c.

PETROLEUM.—The export market was firmer under a more active inquiry, closing at 62c. for refined in barrels and 9⅜c. for do. in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote prime Western and York State Hay at $19@20; fair to good do., $16@18, and inferior and damaged at $10@13. Rye Straw dull at $12@13.

FEED.—Sales of 4 cars winter bran "out off" at $19.50; 1 car prime do. do., to arrive in a few days, at $19, and 2 cars do. do. spot track at $20 50. At the close of 'Change 1 car good winter spot sold at $20.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beeves, 3,900; Sheep, 10,000; Hogs, 3,100, previous week; Beeves 3,300; Sheep, 10,000; Hogs, 3,300. Beef Cattle were inactive and ¼c. lower on all grades, except common, which declined ½c. Quotations—Extra, 8½@8⅔c.; good, 7½@8c.; medium, 6½@7c.; common, 4½@6c.; fat cows, 4½@5½c. Milch cows were rather inactive at $30@65, with sales of extra graded as high as $100.

SHEEP were fairly active, and prices continued firm, except for lambs, which were fully $1 per hundred lower at the close. Calves were also dull and weaker. Quotations—Extra, 5½@5⅔c.; good, 5@5½c.; medium, 4½@4⅔c.; common, 4@4½c.; culls, 3½@3⅔c.; lambs, 4½@7½c.; calves, 4@8½c.

HOGS were fairly active and prices firm. Quotations—Extra, very few, 12½c.; good, 12@12½c.; medium, 11½@11⅔c.

DRESSED MEATS.—Dressed Beeves were active and closed at 8@12c., the former rate for low Texans.

Sales last week—Thomas Bradley, 150 head, 9½@13c.; W. H. Brown, 105 head, 8½@12½c.; A. A. Boswell, 108 head, 9@12½c.; C. S. Dengler, 70 head, 9½@12½c.; J. F. Lowden, 40 head, 9½@12½c.; Harlan & Bro., 70 head, 9½@12½c.

DRESSED SHEEP were active. Samuel Stewart sold 740 head at 8@9½c., and 76 head dressed lambs at 12@13c.

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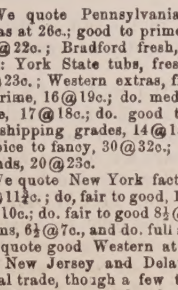
ROYAL



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1301 and 1303 Chestnut.

There is no danger of overstating the advantage in buying black grenadines now. There is a clear dollar a yard to be gained in most of the rich ones.

Next-outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Dress-goods trade with us is now very largely upon goods below value. Checks, check-stripes, melanges, debeige, and others, are at half and two-thirds. Not all we have; we don't mean that; some of all these and other sorts. And low prices are no reflection on the goods. Whatever we buy low we sell low. Of course we lose money on goods sometimes. We are not talking about that now.

Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Cream cashmere shawls of $5 quality, with here and there a dark thread just visible a yard off, $3.50. India chuddas that cost five or ten times as much have such little imperfections. Imitation chuddas are made with them purposely. But, as they don't belong to cashmeres, we sell as above.

1303 Chestnut.

It is wonderful how dress-goods have dropped here. Fine-wool and silk-and-wool things at two-thirds; some even at half; the best things in the store at that. Literally true! What in all dress goods is better than a fine debeige? We have one at 50 cents that is well worth a dollar. What has proved better this season than small-check effects? Why, we have thirty sorts at two-thirds and below. What better than a fine melange? Two-thirds; and fifty to choose from. There is no exhausting them.

Many counters, southeast from center.

Scotch ginghams of fine-check patterns, so fine as to look like plain colors, and even plain colors are in great favor. 25 and 30 cents. The handkerchief patterns so popular last year at 31 cents are now 15.

American ginghams that usually sell for 15 are now 10.

Next-outer circle, north from center.

Figured and dotted soft mulls very low: 50 and 75 cents instead of 75 to $1.50.

Everything in fine muslins and Hamburg embroideries.

Third and fourth circles, City-hall square entrance.

Belgian pillow linen and sheeting, almost white; almost as white as Irish; and a dollar goes as far in them as a dollar-and-a-quarter in Irish. New have just come; and it is a good time to emphasize the advantage we always give in such ways. Indeed we consult your interest more than any other way by drawing from each country its best, and by rejecting whatever we can get better from another source,

Outer circle, City-hall-square entrance.

Honeycomb and dimity bedspreads, $1.10 to $1.45. Fine-wool blankets as large and light as you like, $5 to $11.

Southwest corner of main building.

Colored skirts down; poplin, stripes, chambrey, etc. The very best, except seersucker, are $1; seersucker not much more.

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